

# The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

AUGUST  
1930

# "What Does The Future Hold?"

THE salaaming maidens beg the ugly little god to lift the veil between the present and the things that are to come. The incense smoke curls upward; the god sits motionless.

"There's nothing to this at all," whispers Phyllis disgustedly. "I'm going out in the fresh air."

"Wait a minute," says Agatha. "I think we ought to ask him something definite. What do you want to know?"

"I'd like," answers Phyllis promptly, "to know what is coming in THE AMERICAN GIRL."

And suddenly a voice fills the room and the god makes answer, saying:

KENNETH Payson Kempton has written the story of a girl aboard a pirate ship. There is glorious adventure in it that will keep you on the edge of your chair when you read it. Go to sea with Ursula in *My Brother the Buccaneer*. It is coming in the fall.

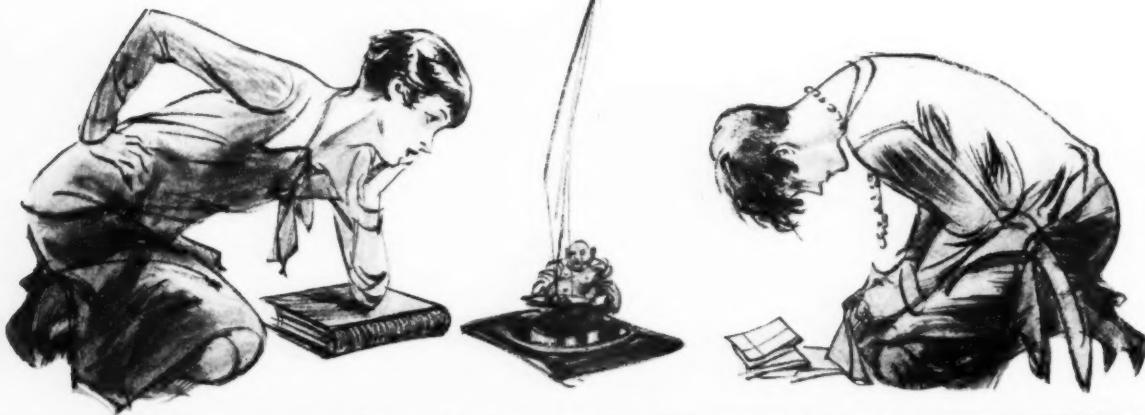
THEN there is *A Cook in Hollywood* by Alice Dyar Russell. (You remember, she wrote *The Strike at Dexter's* and *The Lorimers Reform*). Of course, there will be more Scatter stories, too, all through next year, besides stories of Jo Ann, Mary Ellen and others.

SO MANY readers have written to THE AMERICAN GIRL asking how they can become interior decorators, that the editor has asked Margaret Norris to interview two young women who are leaders in the profession. Would-be decorators will learn a lot from her article.

I SEEM to remember that you two entered the What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest last year. A new one will be announced in September, with prizes that any girl would be glad to work for. You may be lucky this time, but anyhow, it will be lots of fun to try.

OF COURSE, everyone is keen to know what the next serial is going to be. The title and the author are still a secret, but I had a glimpse of the first chapter and I know you won't be disappointed. It's about—but I've said enough. Wait until October.

THERE will be many more *I Am a Girl Who*— pages during the fall and winter, and some interesting talks on hobbies. News of Girl Scouts and pictures of their activities will appear, as well as the usual cooking, good looks, jokes and puzzles departments."



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JANE DEETER RIPPIN

contagious smile and the very amusing, or very serious, words that the vibrant, ringing voice happens to be saying at the moment.

But there are too many Girl Scouts in the United States for all to know any one individual personally, so there are many tens of thousands of them who have not yet met Jane Rippin—have not camped with her, or taken part in a rally or play-day with her, or had her come to a troop or regional meeting. These others must every one remember her name as that of a very wonderful friend whom they are looking forward to meeting sometime.

Amongst the many other things she has done, in being the best friend the American Girl Scouts have had over many years, is that she has run the business of our organization. That is really a very tiring and sometimes tiresome, if very essential, part of what is often called "the movement." It is much more thrilling to work and play with girls and troops, in nature and home studies, in Little Houses and camps, on trips to museums and on hikes, in learning to wig-wag or launder or read the stars, than it is to keep accounts, and plan financial outlays, and direct teaching programs, and fit in the train schedules of a big field staff, and keep the correspondence guided amongst tens of thousands of people, and do the hundred and one other things necessary every day to keep over 230,000 people all engaged in the same happy occupations and pastimes. Particularly when we remember that there were only 39,000 Girl Scouts and Leaders when Mrs. Rippin took over the Directorship eleven years ago, and that that growth in their number, as well as the correspondingly increased strength in their financial stability, has been of her doing—and has taken her time and energy and wonderful planning.

That side of the work gets to be drudgery bye and bye. Particularly if one is built like Mrs. Rippin, and cannot rest while anything is still to be done. And when, like her, one never takes a vacation.

So she has found it necessary to resign from being our

A TREMENDOUS number of Girl Scouts all over our country know Mrs. Rippin—Jane Deeter Rippin. Their eyes light with pleasure, smiles break across their countenances, when her name is mentioned. They dash across the open glade or the Great Hall when she appears, surging close enough to catch her

National Director. And some of us grown-ups gasp with the responsibility of taking care of all your housekeeping affairs without her to run to every minute, right there in the office at 670 Lexington Avenue.

But she has left such smoothly running affairs, with such competent and delightful people at the different desks, and she has planned so constructively for so many years, that we will feel her spirit still there, as it were, for us to consult.

And, of course, she is only going from the National Director's desk. One can never "go away" from being a *real* Girl Scout—certainly not after you have been one as long and as enthusiastically as Jane Rippin has been. She will always be one of us—for a smile, a song, a good turn. I can say it, as one who knows. For Jane Rippin and I have been in the same patrol for eight years. A most active and entertaining troop, and one where the members all got to know one another certainly like sisters. I remember she was at my investiture as a "tenderfoot." As grown-ups often are, I was "Girl Scouting" for some years before I stopped to see if I knew enough to be a tenderfoot, and actually was invested! And it was at Mrs. Low's own house down in charming Savannah, too, and Mrs. Low and Mrs. Storrow and Dean Arnold and Mrs. Brady and Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Choate and Mrs. Edey and lovely Mrs. Edith Macy were all there, with so many others of your devoted friends.

Afterward, through long years, Jane Rippin and I Girl-Scouted together. I knew her better than I did any other Girl Scout, and also she is the all-around best Girl Scout I have ever known. We have camped and hiked, and taken courses together (and given them too!) and followed nature trails and gone to rallies, and done Red Cross classes, and been in pageants, and sat at Committee and Board meetings (at 96 degrees in the shade and during blizzards), and talked at Girl Scout conventions and to Girl Scout fathers' clubs, and gone to the Sheboygan Girl Scouts' Family Breakfast together!

The other day, I tried saying the Girl Scout promise over, all by myself, very slowly—only instead of saying "I", I substituted "Jane Rippin", and I put it into the present tense instead of the future, and made the few slight grammatical changes necessary. And then, very slowly, I said the laws, putting "Jane Rippin" in instead of "A Girl Scout." It was a perfectly wonderful thing to say about anyone. And it was so outstandingly true. I said then, when I had finished, "There is no one else whom every bit of it fits so perfectly!"

So you, Girl Scouts, all remember, when Jane Deeter Rippin comes to your town, for a Girl Scout purpose or on some other errand, be sure to see her, to know her—if there's time for nothing more, salute her.

*Lon Henry Hooper*

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## When You Take to the Road

HAVE you ever tried to hike with a blistered heel, or with stockings that pinched your toes, or with shoes that kept slip-slipping up and down with every step you took? If you have, you know how an otherwise perfect day can be ruined by physical discomfort. The road may lead through sweet-smelling country, or it may be a mountain path that passes through clumps of mountain laurel under a network of fresh green trees. But you, with your blister or curled-up toes, will notice little of all this. You will keep thinking: "Heavens, how long before I can sit down! Why did I ever come on this hike anyway! Oh, for a nice soft pair of slippers!"

This, of course, is not the way to enjoy a hike, and such discomfort can be avoided so easily that it seems a pity that so many good times should be ruined every summer through ignorance or carelessness.

Here are a few questions and answers that appear in one of the chapters of *When You Hike*, a new booklet published by Girl Scouts, Incorporated, that will help to guarantee the first requisite for a pleasant hike—comfort.

1. What is the easiest way to walk? Swing your legs from your hips with a free and easy stride. Let your arms swing comfortably and naturally.

2. What is the best way to walk in the woods? The real woodsman rolls from side to side with a hip motion and uses the flat of his foot, much as a sailor does, to steady himself on uneven ground. This is why woodsmen and Indians in moccasins seem to glide through the forests. For further information see Horace Kephart's *Camping and Woodcraft*, Chapter IX. Tenderfeet sometimes enjoy practicing how to walk.

3. How should a girl care for her feet? Cut toe nails straight across so as not to tear the toes at the side of the nails. A straight nail does not push against the toe if the shoes and stockings are long and broad enough. Keep feet clean and

remember that the foot can be as beautiful a part of the body as the hands and should be as carefully cared for. Kephart recommends a little alum in the water for tender feet.

4. What should a hiker do if her feet ache? Sit down, remove shoes, and change stockings; when possible, bathe, rub, dust with powder, and rest a while.

5. How would you prevent a blister? Wear shoes and stockings properly fitted and not new. A precaution is to affix strips of adhesive tape across the heel.

6. How would you treat a blister? Cover and build around with sterile gauze or cotton and adhesive tape; do not puncture.

7. What is minimum equipment for walks? Good walking shoes, loose comfortable sport or school clothing, an individual drinking cup and usually a sweater or coat. Some girls wear berets.

8. What should a hiker wear on her feet? Woolen hose preferably, since these absorb moisture and are thus better protection; low-heeled heavy walking shoes, preferably high cut. Not sneakers, though sneakers are all right for certain kinds of mountain climbing or for walking short distances along a sandy beach. Some people like to have a pair of sneakers with them on trips because they are light to carry and are very good relief shoes. For most hiking, however, they are not heavy enough.

9. What care should be taken with stockings? They should be clean and large enough. They should not be darned or holey. Do not sleep in stockings worn during the day.

10. What care should be taken with the shoes? They should be well-fitted, but not tight and should have been broken in—not new. Girl Scout shoes are recommended for ordinary walking or camp wear.

11. What care should be taken with shoe laces? They should be no longer than necessary and should be tied so they will not become loosened.



*Patronize the equipment agent in your town*



## Well, of All Things!

IT looks like the ayes have it on the poetry question, but let's wait for the *What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest* before we make a definite decision. In the meantime, Geraldine Guertin of Jamaica, New York, casts her vote for more poetry. She says: "I quite agree with Helen Fleming that we don't have nearly enough poetry! I love all kinds of poetry and I think it would be nice to have a page for original poems too, to be sent in by the subscribers. I think your selection of the poems so far published has been very good, but oh please, do give us more!" Dorothy E. Clifton of Lexington, Kentucky, thinks: "the poetry is splendid and *Moon Song* was, I thought, especially good. Usually I don't care for Carl Sandburg, but one of his poems *Night Stuff* I do like and I'd like to see it in THE AMERICAN GIRL." Virginia Herfurth of Madison, Wisconsin, says, "I hope you do not discontinue the poetry page because I think it is one of the very nicest features of THE AMERICAN GIRL. The illustrations make it so lovely."

SPEAKING of illustrations—be sure to notice those by Robb Beebe which accompany the article on *The Art of Painless Diving*. That article seems to be an answer to prayer for several girls this month. Dorothy Paul of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for instance. She writes us that "swimming is another of my 'this summer's' fancies!" Geraldine Guertin included a few remarks on swimming in her letter too. She says: "I've recently become very much interested in diving, and I was wishing THE AMERICAN GIRL would publish an article on it, and lo! The August number, I am told, will tell me just what I want to know!"

HERE'S some interesting news from Mary Champeno of Washington, D. C. "I guess you don't hear much about mothers' opinions of THE AMERICAN GIRL. I know what my mother thinks of it. She is as enthusiastic a reader of it as I am. I think she started reading it first because she didn't have anything else to read and loves to read. Now she watches for it and it isn't long before I see her nose dug into it. We both think that *The House with the Cross-eyed Windows* was great. I wish you could have some more stories like it. I also like "*I Am a Girl Who—*". Some of the cases seem to fit me and some I tell my friends about. I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for four and a half years now and am already planning

to renew my subscription in 1932. Mother will get it for me if no one else will. Here's three cheers for THE AMERICAN GIRL."

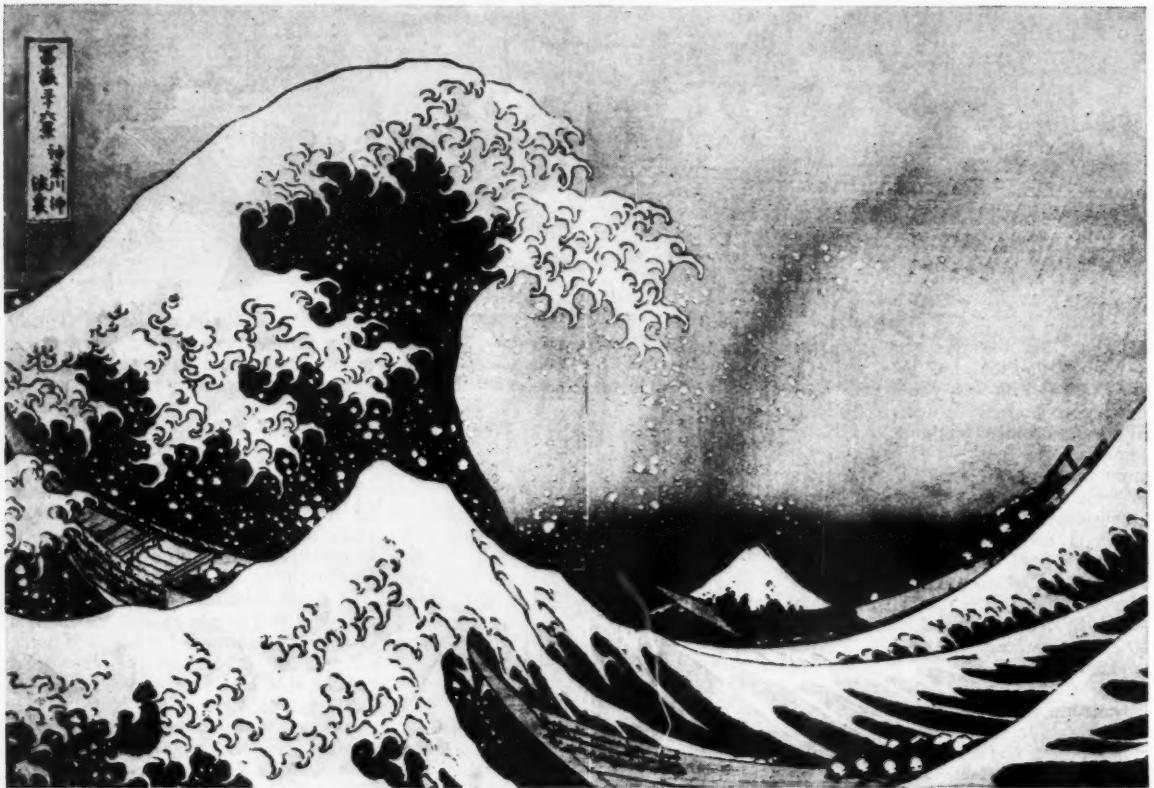
ELEANOR WOLFF, you should tell the girls in Cerro Gordo, Illinois, about the fifty cent offer THE AMERICAN GIRL makes for the summer, giving new subscribers five issues for only fifty cents. Eleanor writes us that she is the only girl in her town who is lucky enough to have a subscription to our magazine. This fifty cent offer is a real opportunity to introduce it to the other girls, don't you think so? By the way, Eleanor, there will be another "*I Am a Girl Who—*" in September.

AND that must be good news to a number of other girls who have also asked for it. Mary Lee Sperry of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, writes us that: "THE AMERICAN GIRL certainly made an uninteresting club meeting into an interesting one. Almost all of the girls in a club to which I belong get THE AMERICAN GIRL, and early this month we used for the first time, in a club meeting, anything that came directly from our magazine. After reading "*I Am a Girl Who—*" in the June issue, we immediately proceeded to have a 'Face Your Faults and View Your Virtues' game. And each one of us learned things about herself that she didn't know before. It really proved to be helpful." Miriam Miller of Latrobe, Pennsylvania, wants to know if "we could have, please, an "*I Am a Girl Who—*" is not pretty, and is the serious type, and—outside of her 'crowd'—is not popular?" Evelyn M. Berry of Rochester, New York, writes: "I am very glad when "*I Am a Girl Who—*" is printed as it helps many people, although you have to adjust the points to your own circum-

stances." Gladys Reynolds, of Toledo, Ohio, enjoys the "*I Am a Girl Who—*" most of all the magazine. She writes: "They seem to fit my personal troubles exactly. Sometimes, as in the June issue, they remedy troubles I did not even know I possessed."

JUDGING by the almost universally favorable comments on it, *The House with the Cross-eyed Windows* came to a conclusion in a trail of glory. Opinion is a bit more divided about *The Fork in the Road*. Miriam Miller says: "It is all right if you can read it all at once, but, if I am permitted to say, it is horrid to read all cut up." On the other hand, Lillian Gordon of Lawrence, Massachusetts, says: "The June issue was as good as expected, especially the new serial, *The Fork in the Road*, and *Along the Editor's Trail*." Marjorie Roter of Parsons, Kansas, writes: "First, I want to tell you how much I like the stories about Marianne, Sandy and Jane. And then the new serial is 'scrumptious.' I mean *The Fork in the Road*." Lillian Harwick of Sand Coulee, Montana, says: "The twin story running now is the kind of story I like. I hope we have a few more like it."

IT looks as if we'll have some good contributions to the Hobby Contest from these girls who have already selected interesting things to specialize in their free time. Remember that the Hobby Contest won't last much longer, and we're expecting to hear from all of you. Collecting foreign coins is the hobby of Edna Floyd of Kissimmee, Florida. She suggests: "Why couldn't you have something every month on old or foreign coins the same as you do stamps? You could call it 'If Coins Are Your Hobby' or something like that. I'd love to have something like that in our magazine. I enjoy every speck of THE AMERICAN GIRL. I enjoyed *The House with the Cross-eyed Windows*, and I do like the new serial. Jo Ann is a great favorite with me and the drawings are darling. I love to draw but I'd never be able to draw anything half so cute as Jo Ann and Wicky." Barbara Wriston of Appleton, Wisconsin, writes: "I wish we could have more suggestions for hobbies. Mine is making paper flowers, but I don't always have the time to work with them." It sounds as though we should have good hobby entries from both Barbara and Edna. Don't forget, girls, that some very worthwhile prizes are being offered for the winners of the contest. Send in your entries soon!



"The Wave," painted by Katsushika Hokusai. Reproduced by permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N. Y.

## Oread

By "H. D."

WHIRL up, sea—  
Whirl your pointed pines.

Splash your great pines  
On our rocks.  
Hurl your green over us—  
Cover us with your pools of fir.

From "Collected Poems"  
Published by Horace Liveright

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Registered in U. S. Patent Office

Margaret Mochrie, Editor

August, 1930

## A Misunderstood Bronc

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

Illustrations by Vladimir Cherkoff

OKU HUNG, the soft-voiced Chinese cook of the Flying Crow ranch, stepped outside the kitchen door and rang the triangle to announce that supper was waiting on the long oilcloth-covered table. Although sixteen-year-old Emily was hungry and weary and chilled from a long day in the saddle, she gave a sigh. For she had come to dread the jangling discord that flavored every meal since the tenderfoot had come to visit the ranch.

Often there had been troubous days on the Flying Crow—summer droughts when cows grew gaunt and calves wabbled on thin legs; a period of mumps among the cowhands; recurring spells of rheumatism which blotted out the genial good nature of Uncle Haze, owner of the thousand or so Flying Crow acres.

But this raspy discord was worse than any of those trying days.

The tenderfoot's name was Lester Dodds. He was a distant cousin of Uncle Haze and hospitality was an unwritten law on the Flying Crow. Lester came from a town in Massachusetts twelve miles from Boston.

"Boston," said Pinto Jones, a sawed-off cowhand, and his twinkling eyes ran over Lester Dodd's brown suit, and his carefully matched tie and hat and gloves; Pinto winked solemnly at Kip O'Malley, who had been riding the range with him that day. "Seems like I've heard of Boston before. Oh, yeah, that's where they live on baked beans. I remember now."

Emily had foreseen trouble when Lester

started airing his Bostonian theories on the cowboys. "Crammin' his fool ideas down our throat," was the way Kip O'Malley, who was as many inches over the average height as Pinto Jones was under, put it.

Emily took her place beside the bulky and steaming coffee pot. Next to her sat stout Uncle Haze, his wind-bitten face unusually ruddy from the cold. Next to him Pinto Jones, bow-legged, and snub-nosed, held his fork as though it were a spear. Juan, the sultry half-breed Indian, took his place at the foot of the table. On the other side sat Kip O'Malley. In the lamplight his black hair gleamed from the wet comb he had run through it. This tall cowboy was the most reckless, the most quick-tempered, and at the same time the most likable cowhand that had ever forked a bronco on the Flying Crow.

"We sure chalked off the miles today," said Pinto Jones, dropping three spoonfuls of sugar into his thick coffee cup.

"You westerners have such a peculiar way of riding," remarked Lester. "No wonder some of you have legs — well, shaped to the form



"I THOUGHT IT WAS AN EARTHQUAKE UNDER ME"

of the horse. It's your method of riding."

"Honest?" said Pinto Jones innocently. "You don't suppose he's referrin' to me, do you, Em?"

"And no wonder your western broncos have no life or spirit when you use such a heavy saddle," continued Lester.

"Yeah?" Kip O'Malley looked up from his fourth hot biscuit with a dangerous flash in his gray eyes. "And would you recommend ridin' a buckin' horse with one of your little slip of paper saddles?"

"Why, yes," said Lester, "it's the same principle as riding the hurdles—you simply lift your body in rhythm with the horse's movement."

"I never thought of that," said Kip ominously, "maybe you'd show us how. We've got a horse that bucks a little now and then—Hello Heaven is his name."

Emily broke in quickly about frozen waterholes to change the subject. She was glad when Lester, disdaining the dried apple pie as too heavy to eat at night, left the table. Uncle Haze glowered at his cowhands, banged the table with his fork and repeated his warning, "Old as I am, I'll turn any saddle-warmer over my knee that puts a tenderfoot on a bucking horse. Now remember what I'm saying."

Emily laughed that gay, rippling laugh of hers. Pinto Jones once said of her laugh, "It's as refreshin' as a cold glass of buttermilk in July." Em, looking at the sheepish expressions on the snub-nosed face of Pinto Jones, the lean face of Kip O'Malley, the sullen sepia-brown face of Juan, knew that threats of firing or even hanging would not be half so effectual as that "I'll turn you over my knee."

"This joint's a ranch and not a hospital," went on Uncle Haze, "and besides, you lads know as well as I do that once that ornery Hello Heaven gets going we'd have to shoot him down to save a tenderfoot rider."

Uncle Haze was referring to a stocky little roan whose hanging head and meek, apologetic eyes belied the dynamite in his legs and curved back when an unwitting rider dug a spur into him. He had been christened Hello Heaven in grim humor. Kip O'Malley was saving out of his wages to buy him from Uncle Haze. Strange as it may seem, the only person that Hello Heaven respected and liked was the whistling, reckless Kip. "You're all right, you old horn toad," Kip often said, scratching the drooping roan head, "you're just a misunderstood little bronc. You likes to be treated white and you resents anybody jabbin' their spurs into you and I'll be doggoned if I blame you."

"I don't worry when a professional rides him," said Uncle Haze now, "but—"

"But once Hello Heaven starts his perpetual motion he can't seem to unwind hisself," contributed Pinto.

Uncle Haze was six feet two, with a voice that boomed like a cannon. Every one knew that his orders were not to be taken lightly. Yet his protective kindness encompassed not only a green tenderfoot, but anyone or anything in need of protection.

Nestling on the edge of the Flying Crow range was a small tree-sheltered lake known as Rest-a-while Lake. It had proved to be just that for a small flock of wild duck that had taken refuge there. "It's a haven for those poor persecuted birds," Uncle Haze said, "so let them rest there." Lester Dodds, anxious to show his prowess with a gun, had started out one day but Uncle Haze called him back. "I'll tell you what I've told the others—any mother's son I catch scattering those ducks will be turned over my knee."

Lester had grumbled inaudibly but had put away his gun.



THIS IS RECKLESS KIP O'MALLEY

Yes, Emily had many duties at the Flying Crow. She was a top hand, Uncle Haze said, and no trail was too rough for her to follow in search of stray calves. It was Em who soothed the rascally old Juan when his sullen fits became unbearable; Em who rubbed liniment on Uncle Haze's rheumatic knees and shoulders; Em who encouraged Oku Hung out of his rut of fried meat and boiled potatoes, but this rôle of preserving peace between her distant cousin from near Boston and Kip O'Malley was the hardest yet.

When supper was over, Kip asked Emily to hold his nervous bay bronco while he doused turpentine on a barbed wire scratch. The door of the living room opened once to let out a slice of tuneless piano playing and a tenor voice singing, *Till the sands of the desert grow cold.*

"I know somethin' else I'd like to see grow cold," said Kip, turning to Em with a smile.

"I didn't think you'd be narrow-minded enough to make fun of a fellow just because he played the piano," reproved Em.

Kip glowered at her in exactly the same manner he had had when they were youngsters and he had placed a chip on his shoulder and said, "There's the chip. I dare you to knock it off." And Em had always taken the dare.

"I haven't got it in for him because he plays the piano," he fairly sputtered. "My grandmother's crutch, let the poor blister play out his heart! Let him embroider little butterflies on his hankies, and use cold cream to keep his Boston nose from peelin'. All I ask is that he keeps said nose out of my business. Comin' out here tellin' me how to ride!"

Again Emily's laugh rang out. Kip O'Malley's hand-carved saddle, which was the envy of every cowhand, was a trophy he had won this fall in the bronco-busting contest. "Oh, now I see the flea in your ear. It's that picture Lester was showing of him riding in the hunt."

"Ridin' the hunt," snorted Kip, "and you could see a chunk of daylight big as the patch in my pants between him and the saddle, and wasn't that a lovely little manured hound trottin' by him, and what a dear little popgun that was nestlin' on a belt above his red bloomers. As I told him the other day, if he ever went huntin' he'd better take a real air-rifle like mine."

Emily giggled anew. "But his theory for riding bucking horses is fine."

"Yeah! I know what I'm fairly achin' to do." "So do I know what you're fairly aching to do, Kip O'Malley. That's to get him on the back of Hello Heaven. But don't let that impulse get the best of you. I've known Uncle Haze for sixteen years and he never makes threats just for the fun of making them."

Kip yanked the reins of his saddle pony from her. "When you go in, ask Listerine not to play such sad pieces. I'm liable to break down and cry. Tell him to play somethin' cheerful like *Jus' break the news to Mother.*"

The next day Emily was working with the young dogie calves in the calf corral when she saw Lester Dodds leave the ranch house and go toward the horse corral. He was dressed for a ride in his patent-leather boots, his riding pants and tight-fitting coat. Kip O'Malley was in the horse corral, saddling his slender bay pony preparatory to riding fence.

The winter air blew cold, chill. The thin calves, whose mothers, as Pinto said, had "got lost somewhere in the

"shuffle" shivered, their ribs showing pitifully through rough lusterless hides. "You poor things!" Em sympathized, heading a couple toward the sod barn. "You ought to be getting milk from a mother cow but let's see what we can do with a substitute."

Angry voices drifted from the horse corral. She heard Kip O'Malley say, "Believe me, bad news, just one more windy remark and I'll fix you so—" As Pinto often said, "Kip'll take jes' so much and then he pops wide open."

Emily closed the door of the calf barn. It was warm and quiet here, its thick sod walls shutting out the whipping wind. She started the tedious process of inducing a stubborn calf to drink milk out of a bucket. It was easy to get the little starved thing sucking her fingers; then warily she drew her fingers down into the milk. Ah, there, it did suck in the warm milk! Even more warily she slid her fingers out of its mouth. But the calf sputtered, jerked its head up. She started again—

Once through the thick walls came a thudding report. It could be a shot—but no, probably one of the boys working in the blacksmith shop. She caught the second calf but he was wild and, in his panic, upset the milk in the bucket.

"Now I'll have to talk Oku out of some more milk," she muttered as she opened the door and stepped out into the cold.

Oku Hung was running from the kitchen toward the horse corral. Panic was written on his usually vacant face. Juan hurried from the woodpile, the ax still in his hand. Uncle Haze was already in the corral. "Em, Em, come here. Pinto—where are you, Pinto?"

In that same breathless moment, Emily saw a rider galloping off over the western plains. A wide sombrero on the rider. A bay with a jerky lope. It was Kip O'Malley riding fast.

In two jumps Emily was over the corral fence. Lester Dodds was sprawled on the ground. A gun lay some five feet from him. Oh, Emily knew that gun so well! Kip O'Malley always lent it to her for shooting rabbits because its sight was perfect. Over in the corner, with a bored and apologetic look, stood the saddled Hello Heaven.

"You, Pinto," Uncle Haze was bellowing, "ride like a wild Indian into Buffalo Fork for the doctor. Juan, don't stand there with your mouth open! Jump on Sandbag and go after Kip O'Malley and bring him back here." A look

of bewilderment passed over the frightened face of Uncle Haze. He spoke slowly as he leaned over the fallen man. "I can't understand Kip O'Malley running off like a yellow coyote with a hen squawking in its mouth."

It was well past midnight before Emily's heart slipped back into almost its natural place under her ribs. The doctor had just finished dressing the bullet wound, and now he reached for his tobacco pouch. "Lucky it's just a flesh wound," he said. "But it's mighty puzzling—a shot in the back like that and down so low, near the hip."

"In the back?" Emily's heart skipped up and out from under her ribs and pounded in her throat so that she shook her head sickly when Oku offered her a cup of coffee. A man who would shoot in the back—well, Uncle Haze had called him the vilest name the West can give, a hen-eating coyote.

"Yes, in the back and it was fired at awfully close range for there's a powder burn along with it."

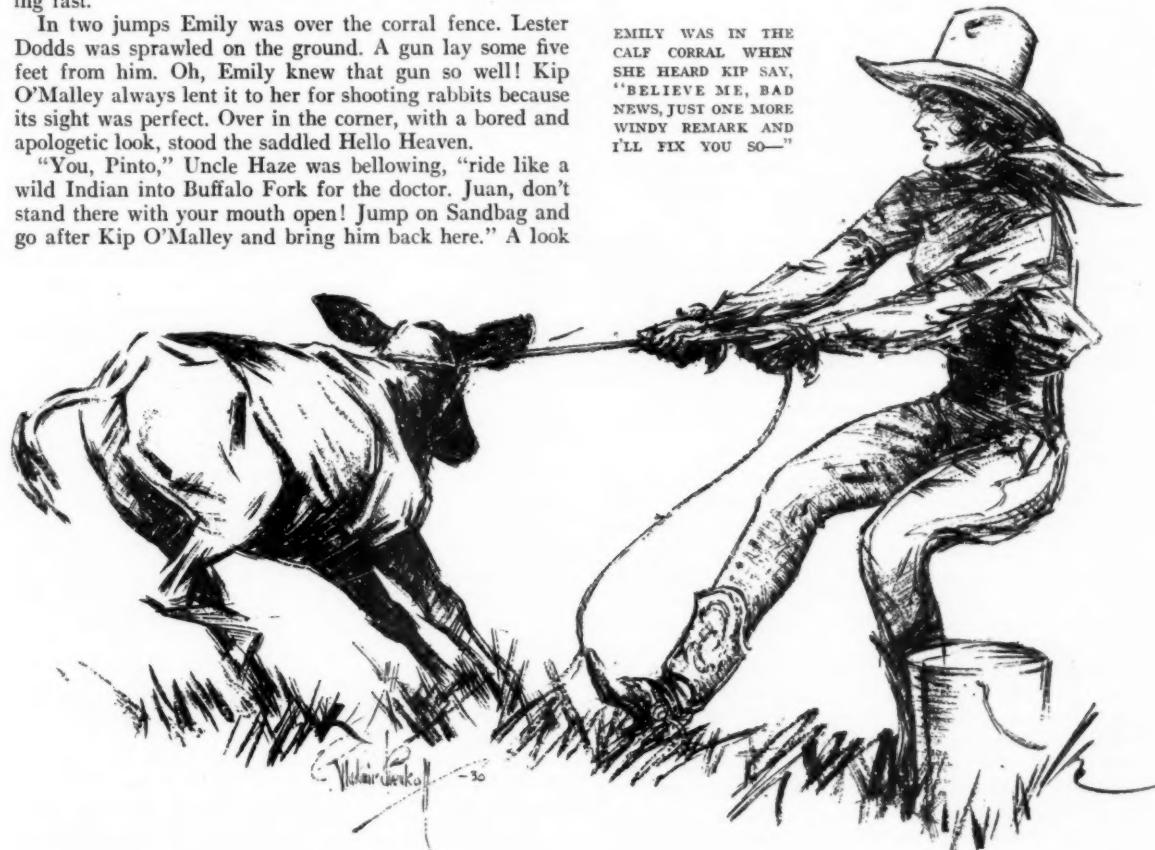
Juan, who had gone in search of Kip, did not return till almost dawn. "I chase heem for miles. He disappear in the Buttes." He shrugged wearily. "Juan cannot see in the dark like a cat."

Gray days these at the Flying Crow. Pinto's honest face was puzzled. "Why in tarnation would he need a gun—a *hombre* that's as handy with his fists as Kip?" he mumbled time and again.

Uncle Haze's face was drawn with worry even when Lester was pronounced out of danger. Emily and he tried time and again to question Lester as to just what had happened that day in the corral but Lester gave them no information. "I can't remember," he'd say with a nervous gesture.

"But you remember," Emily would persist, "when Kip said to you, 'Just one more windy remark and I'll fix you?'"

EMILY WAS IN THE  
CALF CORRAL WHEN  
SHE HEARD KIP SAY,  
"BELIEVE ME, BAD  
NEWS, JUST ONE MORE  
WINDY REMARK AND  
I'LL FIX YOU SO—"



"Yes, I remember that—" Lester looked at Uncle Haze, a queer expression in his eyes, "but I—don't remember any more."

On one occasion Oku Hung touched Emily's arm as she left the room. "The boy is scary," he said wisely, "oh, so vellee scary!"

The same idea had come to Emily. Lester did seem "velleee scary" of something or someone. Could it be he was still afraid of Kip?

This was the week of the stock show in the city. Uncle Haze had planned to go in to buy some new Herford stock. "You go on," insisted Emily. "I'll take care of the Flying Crow. The change will do you good."

Juan hitched the broncos to the buckboard while Emily helped Uncle Haze into warm wraps over his best clothes. He hesitated a minute before lifting his foot to the buckboard step, and glanced across the western plains. "D'you remember, Em, how Kip O'Malley came riding over here when he was just a kid and asked for a job? D'you remember how young and pitiful—but doggonit!—how honest a kid he was?"

Yes, Em remembered.

Uncle Haze in the buckboard had no sooner dropped out of sight beyond the ridge than Emily, going in, found Lester packing his numerous bags. He had been up only two days and he was white and shaky.

"I'm going home," he said.

"But you can't go yet. Wait till Uncle Haze comes back. He'll only be gone a few days—why, he'd feel terribly hurt."

Again that "velleee scary" look flickered over his face. "No," he said stubbornly, "I can write him from home. I'll get ready today and have one of the boys drive me in."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Em firmly. "You'll stay here till you're fit to travel."

Em walked out to the barn. She always said she could think better around the smell of leather and horses. But her mind was still a hodge-podge. Lester's "velleee scary" look. Kip's running away and not returning. "I'd like to see Kip" her eyes flashed, "I'd like to tell him to his face what a coward—what a quitter he is."

Suddenly she laughed, a rather poor imitation of her rippling laugh it was, but it had an essence of satisfaction. "I'll bet Kip is staying at the cabin in John's Windpipe," she murmured. One day, years ago, when she and Kip had been hunting mavericks, they had found this miniature cabin which some prospector had tucked away in a thick grove of pine. "It'd make a good hidin' place," Kip had said.

Em threw the saddle on her white-footed Pal o' Mine, headed him toward that rough, winding canyon known as John's Windpipe. So preoccupied was she with her own thoughts that she had ridden miles before she noticed that the sky, which had been blue as a madonna's robe that morning with only one gray flannel cloud in it, had now become a hazy, foggy gray.

She studied it frowning, drew Pal o' Mine to a halt. "Say, old-timer, there's a peach of a blizzard cooking up." She pulled her knit cap closer, blew her breath testingly into the cold air that was moist as a breath against her cheek. "But we're just about halfway between the Flying Crow and the tucked-away cabin. Let's make a sprint for it," she urged.

But the blizzard hovered closer than she estimated. First a lovely star of snow fell and melted on Pal o' Mine's sorrel

neck. And then—swirling icy chaos. It whipped the mane of Pal o' Mine, found every opening in Em's clothes. Penetrating as icy water was that snow-laden wind. "Come on, Pal," she urged, but her teeth chattered with cold and a hammering fear.

And then suddenly she was alone in a stinging, buffeting world of white. Gone was the skyline of buttes, gone the sage-brush beneath her.

"Snow to the right of us,

Snow to the left of us,

Snow to the front of us volleyed and thundered," she thought dazedly as the needle-points of the gale-driven snow bit at her cheeks, pounded her eyes shut.

Pal o' Mine was not a range pony but a blooded horse that had been given to Em. He had not the stubborn sense of direction a prairie-reared bronc has. A sob rose, rasping, in Em's throat. For the horse, totally unconscious of her hand on the rein, was drifting with the blizzard.

"I've just got to keep my head." She tried to force her eyes open—hoping for some landmark. But it was no use. One lifting of lids and a blinding pain closed them. "We could pass within a foot of something and not see it," she thought.

With fingers wooden and clumsy with cold, she groped for her small rifle lest she run across a marauding wolf or coyote. "About one chance in a hundred," she reasoned, as she loaded it and shot it twice—distress signal, "of anyone hearing it. But if no one did what was she to do?"

She slid from the saddle, for the cold was fast numbing her body. Holding to the stirrup, she staggered on alongside the horse. Pal o' Mine was stumbling now, stopping every few steps.

Even the sharp fear in Emily's breast had given way to one of numbness. But she must keep on. Oh, she knew of many people who had been lost in just such a blizzard—the homesteader who tried to go from his house to his barn—the school teacher who had left school—three days later they found her.

Was that a shout, a call?—but her ears were singing with strange sounds. Again her numbed fingers felt for the trigger of the gun. Her shot, muffled, hollow, sounded. She crooked her arm through the stirrup. She was so tired—so drowsy—her feet—so heavy. And was this Pal o' Mine beside her—this drooping statue of a horse?

Suddenly through the blur of white a mitten hand reached out and grabbed her arm. It jerked her to her feet. Words whipped and tumbled about by the wind

came to her. "My grandmother's crutch! You Em!" and then, "Get on your horse." He put his mouth close to her ear. "Snap out of it, Em. Got to keep plugging."

He fastened Pal o' Mine to his own horse. He fairly lifted her into the snow-covered saddle. They started out. Oh, this was worse, for Kip's horse was not drifting with it but lumbering slowly against the force and sting of the storm.

On and on and on. Hours and hours it seemed. Sometimes a hand whacked her bracingly between the shoulders, pulling her back to the aching world. "Buck up there, kid, you're no quitter."

Quitter! Her befuddled mind groped with that thought. She had started out to find Kip O'Malley and tell him he was a quitter. There he was before her, yet she could not—

On and on and on. Pal o' Mine, a bit strengthened by  
(Continued on page 31)



"DOES ONE WEAR IT ALOUND THE NECK?"

# The Art of Painless Diving

By LUCILLE VAN WINKLE



H, BETTY, come on in—the water's fine!" And the advance guard of campers will plunge into the cool, fresh depths of the green lake, leaving the timid ones behind to envy and admire. No other feeling quite compares with the thrill of that first dive at camp, does it?

Dozens of "Betty's", wherever there are camps, will long to "come on in"; to follow that quick plunge; to share the joys

of the water babies. But for many reasons, the Betty's of the nation cannot follow. Perhaps she *has* tried—but the first attempt was so painful and disastrous that she decided she never could dive.

She may be afraid she will never come up. (Once she has tried, she will discover to her great surprise, just how very hard it is to stay under water, even when she wants to!)

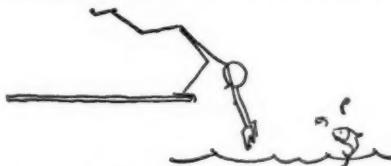
She may even doubt her ability to swim back—although lots of girls have learned to do these simple dives success-



fully before they have learned to swim! It sounds impossible, but has been done many, many times by loosely knotting at the back and around the waist of the diver, a durable four yard rope, the instructor keeping her afloat after the dive, while she paddles herself back to the ladder, upheld by the rope.

Regardless of fear, there *is* a painless way to dive, even for the beginner.

The first step for the would-be diver is to kneel at the very edge of the diving board, bending as far forward and down as possible, hands together, extended full length



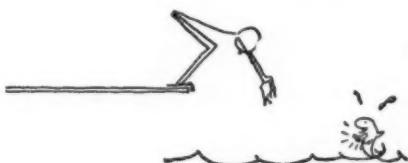
beyond the head which is *always kept down!* When this position is obtained, have the beginner lean slightly farther down, losing her balance—thus ending the first dive. A



Illustrations  
by Robb Beebe

few dives from this position which is illustrated in the first small sketch on this page, will usually cure even the most timid of a fear of the water. It is a simple and sure way of learning the first steps in the art of diving.

Promote the bravest ones to the second position, shown in the second sketch and called the standing dive. The diver stands erect, hands at sides, toes over the edge of the board. She then leans well forward, arms extended together in front, head down between the arms. Then she lifts either leg, keeping the knee stiff, straight up and back, losing her balance. Do not permit a doubling-up of the knees! The legs



must be perfectly straight and together when entering the water or her dive will not be a clean-cut and graceful one.

The final beginner's dive is made with a "spring" or push-off from the board or float. The starting position is the same as in the previous dive, but the leg is not raised. The diver should lean well forward, head down, arms extended as in the third sketch. She then gives a quick shove-off from the board, entering the water head first about three feet out from the board.

When the beginner has finished these three dives successfully, she will be in line for promotion to the more advanced but equally easy running dives, and well on the way to being as much at home in the water as any fish in the sea.

# Tin Tub

By LESLIE C. WARREN

WHEN Scatter and I first came to Panther as campers, there was only one row boat there. A peach of a boat it was in those days, long and narrow and easy to row. It was made of tin and was inevitably called the Tin Tub, although its real name, *Poke o' Moonshine*, was painted on its bow. By the time young Man o' War came camping at Panther, the old boat was beginning to show its age a bit, and had acquired two helpers, squat wooden boats that were just as apt to go round and round in the water as forward. None of us liked the new boats much, but we mostly paddled in a canoe if we wanted to go places on the lake, and the boats did well enough for life saving duty at swimming hour, and for poor swimmers to paddle around in. So at first we didn't bother our heads about them, but later in the summer the two new boats attained an importance that they never really deserved, for Scatter suddenly became surrounded with the idea of adding crew races to the list of assorted sports in which the two camp teams, the Raggeds and Hatchets, compete all summer. Our bunch was on the side of the Raggeds.

Why Scatter should have been the one to go nuts on crew racing is a mystery we have never solved. She couldn't row, not with two oars at once anyhow, but I think it was one of the darkest days in her life when the Ragged crews were announced for our first race and she found that she wasn't even chosen for coxswain, which she naturally wouldn't have been anyhow, being sixteen years old and husky. Seems a funny thing that a girl like Scatter, who can run like a deer, and play basketball and tennis like a streak, is just nothing but a dumb-bell when she has oars in her hands. She could paddle a canoe, swim and dive, but when it came to rowing she was simply out of the picture.

"Honestly, Frosty, if you'd only let me use one oar at a time, I'd be a wonderful rower," she'd say. "Like this. I take an oar, and you take an oar alongside of me, and Lotty and Marge each take one behind us, and we'll be a four passenger crew instead of a two."

"Nothing doing," I laughed. "These waltzing boats are too small for that; it's two or nothing, old bean. You can take the old Tin Tub and go up to help judge at the finish line if you want to."

Well, we all found crew racing pretty good fun that summer, although we did considerable crabbing at the boats we had to cope with. Scatter never did give up the idea that she might blossom out as a rower and spent hours of practice in the Tin Tub to no avail. Two oars at once were too much for her, and we spared no insults to try to make her see our point. But she stuck valiantly at the job, wounded at the thought that she couldn't go crewing when it had

Illustrations by  
Helen Hokinson



been all her own idea in the first place. She even persuaded three other hopeless landlubbers to go with her in her excursions in the Tub, and after awhile, as she seemed happy, we stopped kidding her on the subject.

Every summer at our camp we have some sort of field day or pageant or doo-hickey time, to which we invite the neighbors, our parents and Maryld, the camp across the lake from us. We entertain them during the afternoon, show them around camp, feed their faces and wave goodbye, just tickled to death that we have four more weeks at Panther in which to recover from the invasion, and all worn out from saying such dumb things as, "No, we don't have bath tubs, we bathe in the lake." "Yes, we even make our own beds." "No, I haven't darned my stockings since I came, but you can take them with you if you'd like to."

This year, because of our new thrill over rowing, we decided we would have a water day instead of a pageant, and that we'd ask Camp Maryld to join us in some friendly competition, just to make it more exciting for our guests.

"Um!" gloated Scatter. "Trick relay races and diving and life saving and crew. This time I'll be on it, won't I, Frosty? It doesn't count for the Raggeds, and you know how I long to go crewing. Don't look at me like that. Please say my chance has come."

"Don't be so simple," I rebuffed her. "We want to beat the Marylds, and we'll make a crew out of the best Hatchets and Raggeds. A real varsity crew. You'd only spoil it!"

Camp Maryld accepted our invitation and so did flocks

of parents and neighbors, and we put in some really hard work getting ready for the festivities of the gala occasion.

About a week before the fatal day the old Tin Tub began to show such increasing signs of senile decay that the management finally ruled it off the lake. Scatter was indignant. With her red hair standing up on end, she came storming to Mrs. Newell. I was in the office at the time, so I didn't miss any of it. I always enjoy being in on Scatter's battles.

you let me have it for mine if I promise that I'll never take anyone in it who's not a life saver except Man o' War?"

"Why Man o' War?" Ma Panther was patient, but perplexed.

"Well, she's a good child, and I'm teaching her to row. No young girl should grow up without that knowledge." Scatter grinned at me complacently as she said this. "She can swim all right, and I'll always put a life preserver on

her when we go out. And Mother Panther, we'll also promise, Scout Honor," she looked at me from the corner of her eye, "never to go more than fifty yards from shore. We'll be awfully careful. Honestly, we will."

Ma Panther did some more considering, but she might as well have saved herself the trouble. Scatter is red-headed and Scatter is stubborn, and when Scatter wants anything badly, it generally comes her way.

"Very well, I think it will probably be all right if you are very careful. I'll have Spencer look the boat over tonight. Perhaps he can make it more seaworthy. What do you think about it, Frosty?" and she turned to me.

"Imagine knowing," I grunted. I distrusted the whole performance. Scatter was acting smug and she made me mad.

"Imagine not," replied my roommate sweetly. "Frosty doesn't row well enough to be allowed in my boat. I must consider the safety of my passengers." And with that parting shot, the dear girl left us. Spencer did



AS WE WAITED FOR OUR OAR-LOCKS WE BEHELD THE GHOST OF THE OLD TIN TUB COME BARGING GAILY UP TO THE RAFT WITH FOUR ROWERS

"Mother Panther, you aren't honestly going to let them scrap the old Tin Tub?" The girl was certainly all het up.

"Yes, Scatter, it's been leaking so badly, we don't feel we should take any chances with it. And now we have the two nice new boats, we don't need Tin Tub as much as we used to."

The management had a fixed and beatific notion that the new boats were not only nice, but very superior. Of course they had bought them, and it's tough to be gyped, but, ye gods, those boats!

"But, Mother Panther," Scatter wasn't going to give in without a struggle, "what are you going to do with Tin Tub? It's much too good to grow nasturtiums in yet. Let me have it for mine. Please, oh, please, Mother Panther!"

When Scatter talks like that, she generally gets her way, and I could see it was coming to her this time.

"But, Scatter dear," sighed Ma Panther, "what would you do with it? You don't row,"—bitter blow for Scatter—"and anyhow it isn't safe."

"I just hate to see it thrown out," said Scatter. "It's such a nice boat. And Mother Panther, I'm a life saver. Will

his bit by Tin Tub that night as it leaned on its weary side on the beach. But it was time wasted, for before morning the old boat was no more.

It had been a hot sultry day, with thunder heads surging and muttering over the hills to the northeast. We felt uneasy when we went to bed and, sure enough, in the blackness of the night the storm went off with a bang. Wind from the northeast lashed the rain against the shack in sheets, and we knew that it must be raising a sea on the lake that would toss the boats all over the place. Our shack councillor was also water councillor, and as the storm hit the shack, her feet hit the floor.

"Hi, Mac!" we could hear her rousing out her buddy. "Come on down to the beach with me before the boats blow away."

"Aw, let 'em blow. You can catch 'em in the morning." Mac's job was tennis and her bed was warm. "We'll be soaked."

"I don't care. Get your bug light and come along. It won't take a minute, and we'll know the boats are safe."

Mac groaned, but she got up and went just the same.

Scatter sat up in bed and called after them virtuously, "Take good care of my Tin Tub, Miss Palmer. May I come along and help you?"

"You go to sleep, Redhead," answered our mentor, as she went out into the storm, banging the door behind her.

For once in her life Scatter swallowed the insult, and I could hear her chuckling to herself as she bedded down again.

"Is my boat all right, Miss Palmer?" she whispered.

"No it isn't, Scat, we couldn't find it anywhere," Miss Palmer answered, as Mac flopped into her bed with a clash of bed springs. "The waves are awfully high, way up on the beach, and it must have drifted off. I don't believe Spencer could have tied it when he got through working on it this evening. We'll find it in the morning somewhere up the shore, I hope."

Scatter groaned and hiccupped, and I felt sorry for her, but not too sorry to sleep, let Tin Tub roam as it would.

Came the morn, as the movies say, but with it came no boat. Miss Palmer spent the morning exploring the coast and, in the afternoon, various volunteer search parties set out to cast an eye for it, but the poor old thing had disappeared as completely as if it had been eaten.

Scatter was distracted.

"It can't have got out of the lake," she mourned. "It must be somewhere around unless some one has pinched it. I bet that darn old Opium Eater has hidden it away for use in his nefarious trade."

The Opium Eater was a figment of Scatter's imagination on which hangs another tale. It took Ma Panther to break the sad news to her finally.

"Scatter," she said in a voice that would have done honor to the funeral of a potentate. "We are afraid that the poor old Tin Tub must have sunk. You must remember that it was made of tin, and if it drifted out onto the lake and filled with water, it would have sunk right out of sight. It wouldn't float the way a wooden boat might."

"I never thought of that," said Scatter sadly, but at the same time she twisted her forelock round and round on her finger. That made me wonder, for Scatter never does that unless she is thinking deep and devastating thoughts, although, to save my life, I couldn't figure what was on her mind this time.

The day of the water sports arrived at last with no sign of Tin Tub. Scatter and Man o' War had been doing a good bit of giggling together during the week, but no one had taken the time to pay any attention to them. Our minds were on higher things for the moment.

We were lucky to draw grand weather for our explosion. A clear, cool joy at the end of a series of hazy, muggy days. Right after rest hour we climbed into camp uniform, and if I do say so as shouldn't, we make a pretty fine showing when we set out to do so. Thirty-odd Panthers in white middies,

dark blue ties, dark blue bloomers, white sneakers, and dark blue stockings. Scatter had once come within an ace of abolishing blue legs, by organizing an opposition party, but that, with the Opium Eater, is another story. Stuck in our neckerchiefs we each wore a sprig of bunch berry, the camp emblem, red berries for the Ragged team, and green leaves for the Hatchet.

We didn't have to wait very long before Camp Maryld arrived, clean and pleasant in their green and white. No doubt a splendid camp, but not Panther. Not for a minute. You know how it is. We showed them all around our camp, and they were very polite, but we could see that they were saying to themselves, "Nice camp, but not Maryld. Not for a minute." Which is as it should be.

At last the time came to shift into bathing suits, dark blue for us, of course, and green with light green caps for Maryld. Very swank indeed. And we percolated down to the beach where the gallery waited.

The first event on the program was an obstacle race, with two contestants. The idea was to run down the beach, swim out to the raft, dive off, climb into a rowboat and row ashore. Very exciting and Panther won handily, mostly due to the fact that Piffles was familiar with the waltzing habits of our nice rowboats. The next race was a bug race, four in a canoe without paddles, using their hands for oars, out and around the raft and back to the beach. If you have never seen a bug race, be sure to stage one some day, for they sure are funny. Scatter was steersman for our canoe, but they got it so full of water they ended up by swimming it ashore, while Maryld managed to get to land with their gunwales awash. After that we had canoe tilting and diving and a relay race in which you had to swim on your back with a lighted candle in your mouth. I had thought that Scat would be on hand for that race, but she had vanished and Marge swam in her place. The last thing on the program was the crew race which would, of course, take place in our revolving craft. It was the only event that either camp was taking at all seriously; for

some reason we both wanted badly to win. Up to now the scores were even, and whoever won the crew race would receive the big water ball, the prize for the afternoon. We would probably hand it over to Maryld anyhow, even if we won, as they were our guests, but just the same we did want to win that race. We were awfully crew-minded.

The starting point was the raft, moored a hundred feet off shore, and the finish was staked out opposite the Camp House, where the guests might watch it from the veranda. Naturally everyone migrated up there except the two crews and the two fathers that we had invited to be starters. They paddled themselves out to the raft in a canoe, and we rowers got ready to follow them. Three girls stood beside our boat, but five stepped into Maryld's boat (*Continued on page 39*)



"COME ON, PANTHER," I YELLED. "HIT IT UP, SCAT, YOU OLD APE!"



JEAN NORRIS REGARDS HER WORK AS FASCINATING, WHICH IS ONE OF THE REASONS FOR HER SUCCESS

"BEING A GOOD LAWYER DEPENDS ON THE INDIVIDUAL. SEX DOESN'T GREATLY MATTER," SHE SAYS

## Jean Norris, Magistrate

By VIRGINIA MOORE

JEAN had been rude to her teacher. Together with the other eleven-year-olds in her class, she had flounced her skirt, and flounced her tongue, and flounced her small and rebellious spirit. The proud something in Jean Hortense Giles-Noonan which caused her schoolmates to change Hortense to "Horty", and "Horty" to "Haughty"; was now running rampage. And she wasn't sorry. On the contrary. After school she boasted about it to her chum—boasted so loudly that her father overheard.

"Jean," said her father, when the chum had departed, "were you guilty of such rudeness?"

"Yes, father." She was rather pleased at her ability to vent her imperiousness upon a grown school-teacher.

Major Giles-Noonan thereupon turned into a thundercloud. "Then tomorrow you will publicly beg your teacher's pardon. No—don't say you can't. It will be hard, I know. But you were certainly in the wrong, and you must learn to acknowledge when you are in the wrong. If you stand up in front of everyone tomorrow and say 'I'm sorry,' it will help you, Jean, all your life. Think it over, dear," he concluded.

The girl was aghast. She knew her father was right.

But she couldn't stand up in front of her teacher and her fellow offenders and admit her guilt. She couldn't

—she couldn't. Her high spirit rebelled at the very idea.

"If you are my child," said the father whom she loved, "you will."

The next day, just before dismissal, one member of the class was suffering untold agony. She couldn't do it. . . . What would her father say? . . . All in a flash, imperious little Jean was on her feet.

"Miss Jones," she cried, "my father says I was rude to you yesterday, and I know I was. He says I must apologize. I do apologize—I do!"

The eyes of the teacher popped. The eyes of Jean's fellow-offenders popped. But Jean wasn't through. Having become virtuous within the last five minutes, she now became a fiery crusader.

"I was rude, but so were you," she shrilled at a small friend—"And you, and you, and you!" Her accusing finger went around the room, singling out her fellow offenders. One by one they apologized; one by one they regained

(Continued on page 32)

# The Puppy Cubs

THE PUPPY cubs were probably the strangest sight the forests of Big Thunder Range had ever seen, for since the day their shepherd-dog mother, Gray Bess, had died on the range in an attempt to bring her two babies to her master, the puppies had been adopted by a mother bear who had lost her cub a few days before. Then began the queerest foster-motherhood the forest has ever witnessed. The old bear cared for the cubs tenderly. Indeed, she gave to them the same careful attention that she would have given to twin cubs of her own, guarding them, teaching them all the forest lore she knew, to move as softly through the forest as she did, without the crackling of a twig or the rustling of a leaf. And the puppies taught the mother bear to eat game exclusively instead of substituting, on occasions, larvae which she would find under logs, or berries, or worms. So she set out to teach them to hunt game. Her first lesson was on how to kill a field mouse and as the trio crouched in the meadow waiting for the little creature's rustle, a great panther with baleful, yellow eyes watched them from a thicket. It saw with grim satisfaction that a good meal was at hand. Soundlessly it moved forward, finding firmer footing, its smooth-flowing muscles bunching for the leap that would carry it twenty feet through the air to drop like a bolt of lightning on one of the puppy cubs and pin it, struggling, to the ground.

## PART II

The great panther leaped. But while it was yet suspended in mid-air, it seemed suddenly to change its mind. Twisting and kicking as only a cat can twist while in the full flight of a jump, the beast dropped to the ground five feet short of its mark; five feet short of the puppy-cub that it had singled out for its mark. Then with a hiss and a snarl it leaped sideways, twisted again and glaring over its shoulder for the smallest fraction of a moment, it shot back to cover and went galloping up the mountainside, while the puppy-cubs, startled but curious, stood by and watched it go.

The big cat had been so intent on watching the puppy-cubs and perhaps wondering a little what manner of forest chil-

dren they were that it had not seen the old bear hidden away in the long grass of the meadow. In truth, the bear was completely blotted from the panther's sight by a clump of scrub willows and it was not until the panther was in the air that it could look down upon the big, shaggy, black form of the puppy-cubs' foster mother. Then it was that the panther realized, with a sickening sensation of fear perhaps, that it had been stalking black-bear cubs with the mother close at hand; a thing it would never have done under ordinary circumstances.

Although the puppy-cubs stood transfixed, startled and paralyzed with fear, the old bear never for an instant lost her presence of mind. Before the panther struck the ground after its second leap, the bear with a roar of fury hurled herself at the panther, and only missed breaking the great cat's neck by the smallest margin, for her flailing forepaw and her terrible claws just brushed the panther's shoulder. A little way she followed this consummate coward of the forest up the mountainside, but by the time the puppy-cubs



THE DOGS TURNED ANY QUARRY THEY STARTED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE OLD BEAR WHO LAY HIDDEN. ONCE EVEN A BIG ELK FELL VICTIM TO THE COMBINATION

*The second half of a two part story of the woods by J. IRVING CRUMP*

gathered themselves together and joyfully threw themselves into the chase, the old bear with several gruff growls turned back toward the meadow again and the young dogs had no choice but to follow her.

Several times during the summer the sheep-dogs and the old bear crossed the trail of the panther, and more than once the big cat watched the hunting trio from cover but never again was it indiscreet enough to try and strike down one of the puppy-cubs for a meal.

As summer progressed and the sheep-dogs began to reach the development and proportions of all but fully grown dogs, the old bear seemed to take great pride in their hunting achievements. She, too, became more of a hunter than most bears naturally are, acquiring cunningness and daring unusual to most of her clownish, fun loving kind. Together they ranged the forest, hunting always and making a formidable trio, the dogs lending swiftness and intelligence to the keen instincts and great strength of the big black mother bear.

With the shrewdness and cleverness of wolves they traveled the mountains, the dogs ranging far afield but always turning any quarry they started in the direction of the old bear. She lay hidden and waiting for the opportunity to make a swift and sudden sally when with a crushing stroke of her heavy paw she would bring down the game with merciful dispatch.

Thus it was they hunted everything from rabbits to fully grown black-tailed deer and once even a big elk fell victim to the combination, though not without a fight that all but crippled the members of the trio and convinced them that less formidable prey was a great deal pleasanter to hunt and a lot more convenient to kill.

They became a veritable scourge in the wilderness around and about the Thunder Mountain

Range; a menace that hovered over the wild life of the district, ready to take toll whenever necessity demanded that they have food. The old bear became an inveterate flesh-eater, scorning the varied food of her kind. She no longer dug for roots or bulbs, or sought out mountain berry patches or rotting stumps and wind falls to grub for insect larvae. Meat became her steady diet and with such nourishment she developed savage ugliness that made her by far the most fearsome of the trio. The dogs with their constant hunting and killing were taking on a wolfish fierceness of disposition, too, which was fortunately tempered by the playfulness of their puppyhood that still lingered. But there was nothing of the puppy about them in their killing. They struck with all the fierceness of their sheep-dog blood, ready to fight to the death, ready to take on any adversary, large or small.



*Illustrations by  
Charles Livingston Bull*

In truth, so formidable did they become that the great tawny male panther who had long considered the slopes of Thunder Mountain as his special hunting grounds, after witnessing the killing of the big elk from the security of a ledge, was moved to yield whatever claim he laid to the district. As quietly as a shadow he padded his way over the ridge and put a hundred miles between himself and the hunting trio, for his cat wisdom told him that sooner or later, if he lingered, he would have to face these killers in a fair fight, and it was more than he had stomach for.

A big gray timber wolf, a lone hunter of fierce disposition, often paid a visit to the Big Thunder Range in mid-summer to spend a fat and lazy fortnight in killing rabbits that were always to be found there in abundance. But this year he was thoroughly disappointed; nor could he understand the reason for the scarcity of the small game until he, too, from a hiding place, saw the old bear and the sheep-dogs at their hunting. Then with a growl of disgust he also

left the mountains for he knew that his intrusion in the district was likely to bring about a highly uncomfortable situation.

So it was that the dogs and the old bear kept at their hunting without interruption the entire summer, never killing wantonly but rarely missing an opportunity to run down fair game that unwarily exposed itself or left trails that were easily followed. They romped some, and slept a lot on the sun warmed ledges of the mountains or in the lush green grass of the valley bottoms. Altogether they enjoyed a life of ease and careless freedom that can only be the lot of the kindred of the wild who are big and strong and fearless.

And then one afternoon in late September when the forests were taking on the brilliance of autumn with flames of amber, red and yellow streaking the mountain sides to sparkle against the dark green somberness of fir and hemlock, and when the caps of the Big Thunder Range again gleamed white in the sunlight with early snowfalls and the winds that swept the valley carried the chilling harbinger of coming winter, the hunting trio struck a sheep trail.

It was in a broad flat valley reaching westward far above the valley of Roaring Forks, and the trail was that of a little band of several hundred "woolies" that was working its way out of the mountains under the direction of a Mexican herder and his single shepherd dog.

To the old bear, grown savage with her hunting and her killing, the trail meant a new and more dangerous game to follow and she woofed a growl of satisfaction as she nosed the reeking air. But in the dogs the sheep-scent, the first they had yet encountered, produced a strange conflict of instincts and emotions. These were only made more thrilling by the fact that they also crossed the scent of the herd dog and for the first time in their lives they were conscious that there were other dogs in the world besides themselves. Breaking through the hunting and killing instincts that had by necessity been built about them as children of the wild were the instincts and loyalty of hundreds of generations of flock guarding ancestors, and all desire to slaughter dropped from them. Instead they nosed the trail and the air with eager interest, whining the while and wagging their abbreviated tails in a strangely excited manner that mystified the old bear.

She looked at them and could not understand why the fierce cold light of the chase did not burn in their eyes, and why savage growls did not rumble in their hairy chests. Then sensing that a change had come over them she seemed to grow sullen and unpleasant. The grunt that she gave them had in it a quality that had always made the dogs cringe as puppies and they made haste to follow her, trailing close at her heels as she swung off down the valley in the direction the sheep herd had traveled.

The little band was hours ahead of them but the long lop of the bear and the swinging gait of the dogs carried them forward so swiftly that by late afternoon the heaviness of the sheep scent in the air warned the old bear that the herd was close at hand. She became more cautious then and leaving the trail struck toward the right where a wooded knoll gave shelter and commanded a view down the valley. At this manoeuvre and the display of extra caution on the part of the bear, the dogs paused and looked inquiringly at her, for something in them urged them to go coldly and confidently forward and join the sheep flock. Instinct seemed to tell them that this was proper and right, and of course they could not know that the bear would be far from welcome.

Once more the old bear looked at them perplexedly, her impatience mounting. Then an angry growl rumbled in her throat and this, with memories of the heavy cuffs that always followed, persuaded the dogs to obey her as they had

always done. They turned from the trail into the timber and loped along behind her as she moved swiftly from cover to cover toward the top of the knoll.

Reaching the summit she became a veritable shadow as she moved toward the edge of the timber and took up a position beside a clump of scrub oaks. And the dogs just as silently moved up beside her.

There, just below them on the open meadow of the valley bottom in the dusky half light of the chilled autumn evening they saw bunched together a small band of sheep, while to one side on a little rise was the rickety herder's wagon, a tiny fire gleaming beside it where the lonesome Mexican cooked his evening meal. It was a scene that awoke new emotions in the dogs; emotions more compelling than any they had ever experienced before, and they became strangely agitated; so much so that they could not repress an eager whining and their whole bodies shivered and trembled with excitement.

The old bear, however, experienced decidedly different reactions. She had become so much the killer now that she was savage and ugly, and the heavy scent of the sheep on the evening air only stirred the blood lust in her. She was sheep hungry and there below her was fair game and all she wanted of it, providing she was quick enough and shrewd enough to outwit the herder and his dog companion. Her jaws began to slaver and drip in anticipation and an ugly menacing growl rumbled in her thick, shaggy throat.

At the sound of her voice both dogs ceased their whining abruptly and looked at her. Once again they were swept with new emotions they could not understand. For some strange reason they did not warm to her killing instinct. Instead something within them rebelled and they resented her ugliness and savagery; indeed they seemed even to resent her being there at all, and because they could not comprehend this strange feeling that came over them, they both crouched low in the grass and watched her with eyes in which was slowly kindling a new and different fire.

But the old bear was too intent upon the scent before her and the possibilities it presented to see or even sense their slowly changing attitude. Indeed she lost all idea of fear and caution and for a moment she was completely off her guard. And in that moment a strange and startling thing happened.

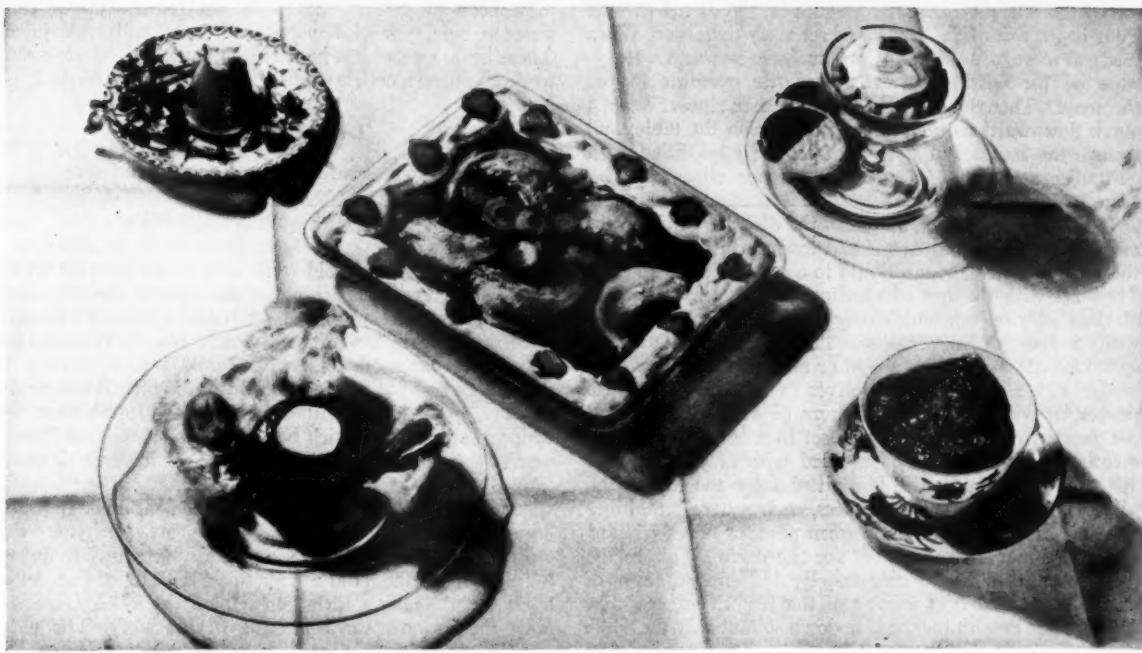
With the sheep quieted down for the night and the herder making camp, the single lion-like collie dog, the four-footed guardian of the flock in the valley, partly because it was his duty and partly because he enjoyed the freedom, started off on a little expedition of his own, ranging through the woods that fringed the meadow, poking into rabbit burrows, exploring thickets and taking keen pleasure in an evening romp before he curled up beside his master for the night.

In his erratic wandering he suddenly came upon a strange trail that made his lion-like ruff and mane bristle. Stout-hearted collie that he was, instead of slinking back to the herder and the flock he began silently to follow the bear tracks through the forest.

And when his keen intelligence told him that the trail lead quartering around his flock contentedly bedded down in the valley, and that the maker of the trail was doubtless watching his wooly charges from some point of vantage, terrible anger welled up within him and a savage fire kindled in his eyes.

He broke into a swift lop then and plunged headlong forward up the slope of a knoll. But scarcely had he swung under full headway when suddenly, he crashed

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JELLIED APPETIZER, JELLIED SOUP, JELLIED TONGUE, JELLIED SALAD AND A FRUIT JELLY DESSERT—ALL CONTRIBUTE TO COOL SUMMER MENUS

## Hot Weather Delicacies

By WINIFRED MOSES

**D**ID you ever stop to think what a wonderful food gelatin is, how many attractive dishes can be made with its aid, and wonder how our grandmothers got on without it? True, they did have a form of gelatin called isinglass, but it came in sheets, had to be soaked a long time, was difficult to measure and usually the results were none too certain. Today, we take it as a matter of course, and it is one of our most versatile and useful foodstuffs, equally at home in any and every course in the menu from the appetizer and the soup on through the main course to the salad and the dessert.

One of the simplest and most attractive of appetizers for either a summer luncheon or dinner is that at the upper left-hand corner of the illustration. It consists of a slice of beet marinated in French dressing, seasoned with a little chutney or chile sauce, a slice of that nice Italian cheese I told you about last March, and a tiny mold of well-seasoned tomato jelly, topped with a little mayonnaise and garnished with a spray or two of crisp green water cress.

When you are making a jellied soup or salad or even a meat loaf, if you are wise, you will bring out your tiny appetizer molds and steal or abstract (if you like that word better) enough of the mixture to fill four, six, or eight of these. Your servings of salad or soup may be a wee bit smaller but that will not matter and you will have the beginning course almost ready for another meal.

Jellied soups are equally refreshing as the first course for the dog days of August or early September. At the lower right-hand corner of the illustration is a jellied soup served in a Chinese rice bowl small enough to make a good soup cup. (Of course, any kind of soup cup may be used.) Any clear, well-seasoned bouillon—chicken, veal, or tomato—makes an excellent jellied soup. A tablespoon of gelatin is allowed for each pint of soup. This is soaked

in one-fourth cup of cold water and softened over hot water, then stirred into the liquid until the two are thoroughly mixed and set away to chill. When ready to serve, the jelly is broken up with a fork and put into serving cups. A teaspoon of very fine mince of parsley, green pepper and celery with lemon juice adds flavor.

In the center of the illustration is a mold which may feature in the main course for luncheon or supper. This is a very satisfactory dish indeed. It is even more attractive when unmolded on a platter and properly garnished with a border of lettuce cups filled with mayonnaise, but this entails extra effort and some skill. In making the mold, first fill the dish used for molding with water and measure. This is to determine the amount of bouillon needed. Then, as in the case of the soup, allow one tablespoon of gelatin soaked in one-fourth cup of cold water to each pint of bouillon. You may be reasonably sure of success in your undertaking, especially if the dish need not be unmolded.

### *Jellied Lambs' Tongues*

2 tablespoons gelatin	1 jar pickled lambs' tongues
½ cup cold water	1 bunch carrots
3 cups clear beefstock or other bouillon	mayonnaise
	green pickles or olives

Soak the gelatin in the cold water. Drain out the tongues and trim off any rough places. Strain the liquor and add to the bouillon. Clean and cook the carrots in salted water. Drain and slice them. Soften the gelatin over hot water and stir into the liquid. If the tongues are to be unmolded, pour this into a mold to the depth of one inch. Set away to harden. Then slice the carrots and spread in a layer on

top of the jelly. Arrange the tongues on top of the carrots. Pour in the rest of the liquid and set away to harden. When ready to serve, dip the mold for a moment in warm water—wipe off the outside. Invert the platter over the top of the mold. Then holding the two together, invert with a quick downward motion. Set the platter on the table, and remove the mold. Put a ring of lettuce cups filled with cucumber mayonnaise around the outside edge and decorate with slices of pickle.

If the tongue is to be served in the dish in which it was molded, put the sliced carrot and tongues in the bottom of the dish with just enough liquid to cover. Set away to chill. Then fill with the rest of the liquid. This leaves a layer of clear jelly on top which may be left plain, surrounded with a ring of mayonnaise. The mayonnaise may be sprinkled all over with capers, or minced parsley, or decorated with slices of stuffed olives in thin rings of green pepper, or with a criss-cross pattern of strips of green and red pepper, or the dish may be set in a large platter and surrounded with lettuce cups filled with mayonnaise. In this case, the mayonnaise is omitted from the top of the jelly. To serve, it is cut in squares, each square containing a tongue. Tiny baby beets or green peas, or slices of hard boiled egg may be substituted for the carrot. This recipe may be converted into eggs-in-jelly by using a layer of halves of deviled eggs instead of the lambs' tongues. The eggs are put in with the cut side down so that only the white smooth ends appear on top. Tomato bouillon may be used instead of beef bouillon in this case.

### *Jellied Meat Sandwich Loaf*

The soup meat used in making the bouillon may be seasoned with chopped celery, onion, mayonnaise, salt, pepper and Worcestershire and put through the meat chopper. A layer of jelly is put in the bottom and allowed to harden. The seasoned soup meat is spread in a layer on the top of this and another layer of the liquid poured in. When it has hardened, you have a sandwich, the outside layers of jelly with a filling of seasoned soup meat. This can be cut in squares and served on lettuce with cucumber, celery or vegetable mayonnaise and lettuce or tomato sandwiches.

Next consider the salad course illustrated in the lower left-hand corner. Here we have used a variation of the famous old perfection salad, molded it in an ordinary custard cup, and garnished it with a round of cream cheese, a radish rose, a sweet pickle and a lettuce cup filled with mayonnaise.

Then comes the dessert. Of course, the simplest of all gelatin desserts is that made by adding a pint of hot water to a package of prepared flavored gelatin or by adding a

tablespoon of gelatin soaked in one-fourth cup of cold water to one pint of flavored and sweetened fruit juice. These basic recipes can be varied endlessly and I am going to give you recipes illustrating several of these variations.

### *Orange Gelatin*

1 tablespoon gelatin	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water	$\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
1½ cups orange juice	dash of salt

Soak the gelatin in cold water and soften over hot water stirring to prevent hardening on the sides of the container. Mix the fruit juices, sugar and salt and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Stir the softened gelatin into this; cool, and pour into orange shells or into glass serving dishes or into molds and put in the refrigerator to chill. When ready to serve, garnish with either sweetened whipped cream or whipped cream into which has been folded sweetened fresh berries or fruit, such as sliced peaches or drained chopped canned fruit. Set on glass serving plate and serve with sponge cakes or cookies, plain or dipped in icing. If it has been set in mold, dip the molds in warm water, cover the top of the mold with the serving plate, turn upside down, lift the side of the mold a little to let the air in, then set it back again, shake a little and lift off the mold. Garnish. Now this is only the beginning of the story. The jelly may be set in those nice little molds with a hole or depression in the center. When ready to serve, the hole or depression may be filled with sweetened berries, sliced fresh fruit, dates or prunes stuffed with nuts or sliced canned peaches or plums and topped with whipped cream.

### *Fruited Jelly*

A second way is to pour the liquid jelly over the sweetened berries or diced fruit. Just let the jelly come to the point where it is about to stiffen, fill the molds, dessert glasses, or orange shells lightly with the fruit, and then fill with the jelly. Set away to chill. A mold of fruit gelatin is a little more difficult to unmold than one of plain jelly because of the weight of the fruit. This difficulty is sometimes lessened by using extra gelatin.

### *Jelly Whip*

This is made by allowing the jelly to reach the jelly stage. The bowl or pan of jelly is set in a pan of cracked ice and beaten with an egg beater until it is light and  
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#### MENU ONE

- Tomato and cheese appetizer*
- Broiled hamburg balls*
- Bacon slices*
- Potato scallop*
- Green corn*
- Lettuce salad*
- Hot buttered rolls*
- Peaches and cream*

#### MENU TWO

- Jellied tomato bouillon*
- Hot cheese meringues*
- Eggs à la king on toast*
- Green peas*
- Water cress and cucumber salad*
- French dressing*
- Melba toast*
- Raspberries and cream*
- Coffee or cocoa*

#### MENU THREE

- Cream of corn soup*
- Casserole of meat and vegetables*
- Brown bread and butter*
- Tomato jelly salad*
- with cheese balls*
- Peach Betty with cream*
- Iced tea or coffee*

# Accessories Up-to-Date

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

*Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion*

Illustration by Katherine Shane Bushnell

**T**O BE a good manager, a clever shopper, used to mean having large reserve supplies of everything from petticoats to pickles and strawberry jam.

This has been changed by rapidly changing styles. It's not only useless, it is positively un-economic to provide one's self in quantity with petticoats or their modern counterparts, slips, when the probability is that they will have to be shortened or lengthened, or at least have their shoulder straps altered, before they are put to use. Annual or semi-annual sales are all very fine if they give you an opportunity to select just the underwear you need to supplement your wardrobe, but they should never sweep you off your feet to such an extent that you feel virtuous about getting a bargain in a cerise chemise, a pale green slip slightly soiled and an evening brassiere that needs to be lowered in the back.

Underwear should be regarded not as the foundation of the wardrobe but as accessories to it and should be bought accordingly.

This is the fundamental rule of good dressing which must be adhered to. Follow it and you won't be in the position of so many girls I know who never, never, never seem to be able to appear in a complete costume without last minute adjustment of shoulder straps or an ugly safety pin at the waistline.

Slips should be bought with due regard to length of frocks and also to necklines. If you are buying a slip for sports it might be a good plan to investigate the wrap-arounds which give plenty of width without bulk at the hips. If you are buying a slip to wear under one of the new dresses in princess effect you will find a similar cut available.

Vivid colors are not practical in underwear—flesh, peach or white is much nicer looking and more practical. If you have a passion for green or cerise, work it off on your sleeping or lounging pajamas. Don't try to reconcile it to your daytime wardrobe. Under a dark frock, a matching slip may be worn provided you can afford a slip for every dress.

Your underwear choice may depend on your preferences and the occasion, but all shoulder straps should be adjusted to the slip both in length and spacing so that, worn under a sheer frock, there will be less confusion of detail.

Girls with prominent bust should wear some form of supporting uplift—not too tight. This is worn next to the skin.

If the stomach and hips are prominent it is usually wise to wear some confining garment such as a lightly boned

corset, girdle or corset-waist. It is more comfortable to wear under such a garment a one-piece chemise which helps to keep the girdle clean and prevents rubbing. Over this comes the girdle and then the slip. Bloomers may be added—in fact, they are almost obligatory for cold weather, windy days, or sports.

The average slender girl eliminates the girdle and wears just a slip over a chemise, or over a brassiere and pantie set, or brassiere and bloomers. In this case she rolls her stockings or uses a simple garter belt for stocking support.

For slips, crêpe de Chine or radium silk is a good choice. The fabric should be such that the dress does not cling. In the long run, it is better to get one of good enough quality and workmanship so that the garment does not fade, split at the seams, or lose shape in wearing and washing. In buying your slips, avoid a cheap heavy-appearing silk, for it is apt to be "loaded." Look carefully at the hems to be sure you have enough material to let them down if necessary. And watch the seams. You can often tell poor merchandise by sloppy seams.

Silk knit, cotton knit or rayon knit are practical for bloomers, vests, chemises or panties, for they wear well, wash easily and are not bulky under a frock.

Again, flesh, peach or white is the best color choice, all of them dainty and practical.

In buying bloomers, watch seams, reinforcements and depth of crotch. All these mean wear. Do not get any underwear too small if you want it to last. If shoulder straps are bulky or misplaced, it is a good plan to substitute narrow straps or ribbons to match the straps on your slip.

In buying stockings, avoid too light or too bright shades. Some color relation to gloves is wise. Be sure to get stockings long enough in the foot and also in the leg if you want them to wear well. A stop-run garter top and reinforced tops, toes, and heels are helps. It is also worth while to select a brand that is well-fitted to the leg, hugs the ankle and does not wrinkle.

Buy your stockings with relation to your shoes and also to your clothes. Select a neutral shade for everyday and buy several pairs at one time, so that if one stocking gives out you can remake the other. It is well, however, to buy one pair first and wash it to be sure that the color is as satisfactory as before the first washing.

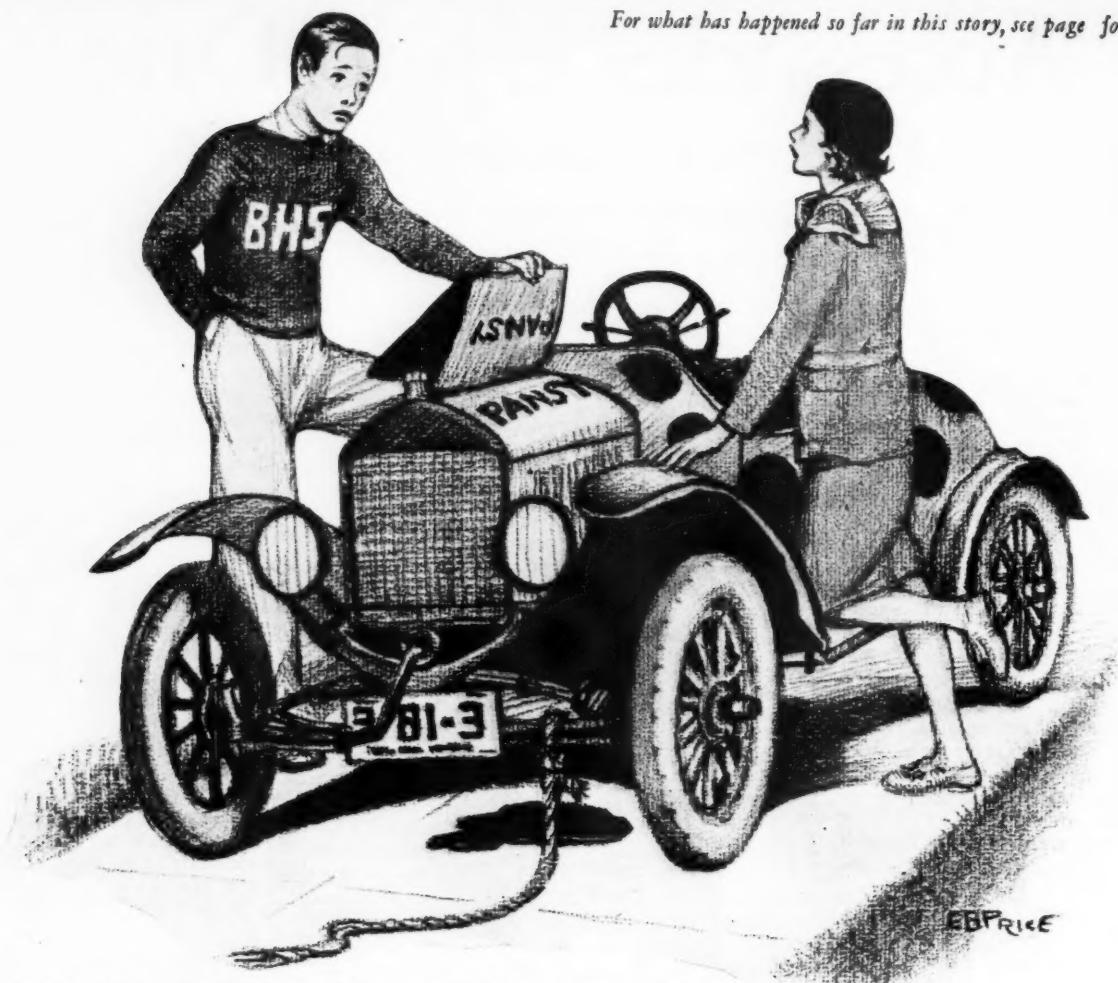
Good lisle stockings for everyday or sports can be had at moderate prices and wear better and look better than cheap silk ones. Wool and cotton or wool and silk mixtures are excellent for cold weather outdoor wear. If you want

(Continued on page 37)



ARE YOU THE GIRL AT THE LEFT, OR THE UNFORTUNATE MAID WITH FLOPPING SHOULDER STRAPS?

*For what has happened so far in this story, see page forty-six.*



PANSY SAT WITH A DREADFUL AIR OF FINALITY ON THE CEMENT DRIVE, A TOW-ROPE STILL FASTENED TO HER FRONT AXLE. LYNN HOVERED DISMALLY ABOUT HER

## The Fork in the Road

MRS. GLENWAY came in from an expedition to town, feeling rather tired and distinctly overwhelmed by the metropolis. With the city din still in her ears, she crept gratefully into the Brick Oven and demanded in the same breath the twins and tea. No one answered, so Mrs. Glenway put on the kettle herself and went upstairs to take off her things. The door of the twins' room was half shut, but through its crack she caught the rhythmic motion of a rocking chair, and looked in. It was Fiona who sat there, and on her lap was a small boy with black hair and intent gray eyes that followed the pictures in the book she was showing him. He was clad in a faded and shrunken suit of cheap cotton tweed, and wore much mended stockings and broken boots.

"Who," said Mrs. Glenway, "is the guest?"

"Oh, Mother dear," Fiona cried. "I didn't hear you come in. We'll all have tea. This is Piotar Rysik."

"Ah, it's Karola he looks like," Mrs. Glenway thought.

"And, Mother, we must keep him for a few days, till things straighten out there." She plunged hastily into the whole tragic tangle, before her mother should have a chance

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

*Illustrations by the author*

to say that entertaining Piotar Rysik had not been among her week's plans. "So you see," Fiona concluded, "there was nothing else

to do. I knew you wouldn't mind, Mother."

"Well," Mrs. Glenway murmured, startled, "I think, my dear, perhaps you ought to have told me you were getting in so deep with these people. All this on your own hook! Where's Faith?"

"Oh, she must still be holding the villain at bay down there," her sister hazarded calmly. "You see, he thought she was I—while I skipped off with Piotar."

"Oh," said Mrs. Glenway. "Heavens!" To Piotar she said feebly, "Would you like to have some tea with us, dear?"

Piotar continued to look intelligently but mutely at Mrs. Glenway, and Fiona said, "Oh, I forgot to tell you—he can't hear anything."

"Heavens!" said her mother again, and this time sat down upon a bed. By the time she had been revived and the kettle had boiled, there was an angry bursting open of the front door, a slam as it closed, and Faith shouted:

"Are you here, Fiona? A nice way to do—leaving me to talk with that awful man!" Upon seeing her mother and sister sipping tea, with Piotar Rysik seated on a small chair between them, Faith stared.

"On my word!" she cried. "So that's what you were up to! It was a real plot, then!" Admiration instead of anger began to light her eyes. Then they shadowed again. "But I've done a horrible thing," she went on. "All the way home I've seen it grow awfuller. I told that—*thing* that Karola played the violin, just for something to say, you know, and he found it and has taken it away to sell."

"Karola's precious violin!" Fiona gasped. Faith nodded miserably.

"I guess it was quite a valuable one, too, the way he grinned when he looked inside. Well—so it was on account of Piotar they were all blessing us! I see. I couldn't imagine why, when I'd just been such an idiot as to betray the fiddle into his clutches."

"You're very capable detectives," Mrs. Glenway said, "but may I ask just what you propose to do next?"

"Why," said Fiona, "I thought probably Daddy could do something about putting this Dapotchko in jail, or getting rid of him."

"Daddy!" said Mrs. Glenway, "what could he possibly do? And if they really owe the man money, what could *anybody* do?"

The twins looked serious. "I'm sure it must be against the law," Fiona said, "however much money people owe, to come frightening them so and threatening to beat Piotar, and things like that."

She took the opportunity to supply Piotar with a cookie and a kiss.

"My funny Fiona," thought her mother. "Who else would think of such occupations!"

Certainly not Faith, who looked rather apprehensively at Piotar, and seemed altogether shaken by her recent experience with the villainous Dapotchko.

"Well," Mrs. Glenway compromised, "we'll talk to Daddy when he comes home. And as long as you've gone this far, I suppose we must find somewhere for this little victim to sleep."

Piotar rather hampered the Glenway family that first night at supper.

"I keep forgetting," Mrs. Glenway admitted. "I can't believe that he really hears nothing of what we have to say about him. It seems all the time so rude and ill-advised to discuss him under his very nose. And he looks so wise—it startles me." She smiled at him as she spoke.

"He is wise," Fiona assented. "Aren't you, my lamb?" She bent over him.

Piotar, on observing her face turned toward him, flashed her an intelligent and affectionate smile, and again gave his attention to his supper—by far the best he had ever eaten.

Fiona had entirely forgotten that the necessity of school would leave Piotar on her mother's hands during his enforced stay. When she remembered, she was anxious and contrite, and announced that she would give up school until such time as peace was restored in the Rysik family. But her mother would not listen to this, and accepted Piotar as she had accepted the many disturbing elements that the rearing of her children had brought into

her life. He was, after all, a most unassuming guest, amusing himself by looking at pictures and coloring magazine advertisements with crayons donated by Faith. Mrs. Glenway was, however, filled with a certain relief when she saw her daughters returning from school, for Fiona seemed to know by instinct exactly what to do with him. Piotar knew the twins apart with uncanny accuracy, and he was off with a bound to his friend, Fiona, making for her the little sound of pleasure with which he greeted things he liked.

Karola was not at school on the two days following the kidnaping of her small brother, and this worried the twins. Had Dapotchko knocked the whole family senseless—or what was going on down there? Mr. Glenway, once he had recovered from the surprise of finding Piotar installed in his house, gave his attention to the whole problem. He would, he said, get legal advice from their friend, Mr. Hunter, and see what could be done. It was not, he thought, a suitable pastime for his daughters—seeking to evict Bolsheviks from alien homes—but he would do his best. For apparently, if Dapotchko were not evicted, Piotar would stay at the Brick Oven indefinitely. Mr. Glenway pretended that Piotar was a horrible imposition, and talked sternly with Mrs. Glenway about him in loud tones the twins were meant to hear. But nevertheless he had been found sunk in his study chair with Piotar curled up in his lap, and with a rabbit-eared handkerchief creature bobbing from his fingers for the amusement of the small guest—who exploded in gleeful spontaneous laughter which came so easily that it seemed as though speech surely ought to come as naturally.

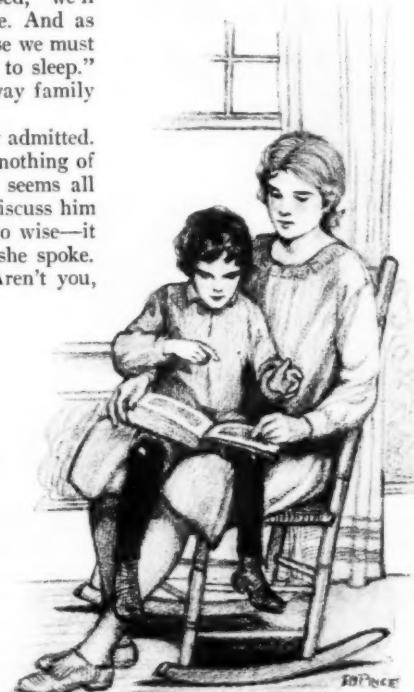
As for Fiona, she claimed all her back pocket-money and spent it on a blue jersey and shorts for Piotar, and a pair of sandals that fitted him. The new clothes effected a transformation, and converted Piotar into something much more like a small princeling than a resident of 13½ Railroad Avenue. All this happened before the end of the week, but still Karola did not appear at school. When Monday morning did not yet bring her, Fiona could stand it no longer. She appealed to Lynn Hunter.

"Isn't your father ever coming back?" she demanded. "We're waiting for his legal advice about the Rysiks. Daddy said we mustn't go there alone—but I think he meant without a man. Do you think you'd do for a man, Lynn?"

No sixteen year old youth when asked point blank if he would do for a man, could possibly be expected to answer in the negative. Lynn's reply was to expand several inches around the chest and to crank up Pansy.

"Heck, it certainly isn't the swell section of town, is it?" he remarked a little later, when Pansy had reached the district on the other side of the tracks. "You mean to say little Karola Rysik lives out here? You'd never know it, at school, would you?"

Pansy drew up to a sizzling standstill in front of the Rysik's house, and Lynn suddenly realized that if the radiator were not refilled immediately there would be no return trip, and no Pansy.



IN FIONA'S LAP WAS A LITTLE BOY WITH BLACK HAIR

"S'pose I can get some water here?" he said. "I'll have to. Pansy's dryer'n the Sahara." Fiona answered with a nod.

When Fiona went into the little shop, Karola was behind the counter, which immediately gave one explanation of her absence from school. "We've been so worried," Fiona said, "not seeing you at all. What's been happening?"

"How is my Piotar?" asked Karola anxiously.

"Piotar is perfectly well, and he is a darling," said Fiona, realizing with a little stab that he was, after all, Karola's Piotar—not hers.

"My mother has been ill," Karola explained. "Soon after Dapotchko left that day, she felt ill. It is the flu, I think, and the worry."

"How about Dapotchko?" Fiona inquired. "Has he come back?"

"Once," said Karola. "He demanded that my mother should get up from her bed and come out to talk with him. He was furious that he could not find Piotar. He said he must have all the money, because my violin is worthless and he cannot sell it. 'If that is so,' I said, 'then you will perhaps give it back to me—so worthless a thing.' But he would not, so I think he lies."

"Faith is horribly sorry about the violin. She didn't realize."

"How could she know?" Karola smiled sadly. "She must not be sorry. It is much better for Piotar to be safe than for my violin to be safe. Come—and tell my mother about Piotar. I will hear the shop bell from upstairs for a few minutes."

Mrs. Rysik had lain for five feverish days and nights, looking at the same hole where plaster had fallen out of the ceiling. Fiona might have been surprised had she been able to see the mental pictures with which this sad-faced foreign woman was covering that hole. Mrs. Rysik detached her tired, fever-bright eyes from the crumbling plaster, and smiled at her visitor.

"Piotar?" she asked at once.

So Fiona told her all about Piotar—his new clothes, in which he looked like a prince, his appetite, his untroubled sleep, his delight in coloring pictures, and in Pasht's latest kittens, his excellent and adorable conduct. Karola translated the bits her mother didn't quite understand, and Mrs. Rysik said, "You are very good, little Fiona."

Just then there were heard angry voices at the foot of the stairs. A man was trying to push past Lynn, who had slopped water all over him. The water—a cracked pitcherful—had been intended for Pansy.

"You pour on me water on purpose!" shouted a large and wrathy voice. "Get out from my way, you—" and there followed language the meaning of which Fiona tried not to guess. Looking down the stairs she saw at the bottom Lynn—her protector—feebly apologetic, and between Lynn and herself, Dapotchko, mounting the dark stair with a heavy, hasty tread. Just for a minute Fiona heartily agreed with her father, and wished that she had obeyed to the letter his command about not visiting the Rysiks. Then fright and regret were both swallowed in a desire to leap into this breach and see what could be done. She spoke sternly, blocking the stairhead with outspread arms.

"What do you mean," she cried, "coming here and worrying these people? Mrs. Rysik is ill; you can't see her.

I should think you'd know by this time that they haven't any money to give you." Her sturdy figure was defiant.

"Maybe if I come often enough I remember 'em to get some," said Dapotchko. He brushed aside Fiona's arm as if it had been a match-stick, and walked in. "You're the pretty American girl-frien', huh, that says to me about the violin," he remarked. "Where you got Piotar—how about that, huh?"

Fiona suddenly realized why the Rysiks feared this man as they did; why struggle against him was useless. Something froze in her throat.

"Piotar?" she said weakly and innocently.

"Yeah, Piotar," said Dapotchko. "Of course you don't know nothing by him. You goin' to tell me where you got it Piotar?"

If he kept on looking at her like that, kept on moving slightly toward her, she knew she would have to tell him. She knew how a small bird feels whose eye is unluckily caught by the hypnotic eye of a snake. At this moment she heard the terrific disturbance habitually caused by the starting of Pansy's engine; heard the fading roar and clangor of Pansy's departure below the window. She felt rather like crying—then decided it would be more useful to think of a good way of wringing Lynn Hunter's neck when she saw him next. If she ever saw him—or anybody again.

Fiona would not have had such harsh thoughts toward her escort, could she have known the purely noble motives which prompted him to start Pansy and leave the Rysiks in such seemingly ungallant haste. For Lynn was by no means leaving her to her fate. But in his dismay at sight of that menacing figure ascending the stairs toward Fiona, and in the confusion of his own immediate departure, he had forgotten that even that one pitcherful of water had never found its way into Pansy's radiator. Among all the other varied but accustomed din incident to Pansy's progress, he did not at once detect a new and ominous clanging knock which began to make itself heard over all the other harmless noises. But presently it intruded itself even upon Lynn's distracted mind.

"Oh gosh," he said desperately, when he realized the meaning of the sound. "Oh gosh, she's going to freeze up on me!"

Torn between the safety of Fiona or of Pansy, he clenched his teeth, decided to sacrifice Pansy—and drove the laboring vehicle ruthlessly onward, till it stopped in its death-throes within five blocks of his destination. Broken-hearted, but upheld by a compelling sense of adventure and peril, Lynn rolled Pansy's red-hot corpse out of the way of traffic and took to his heels. His father was out of town, Mr.

Glenway was in the city at his office, but Lynn well knew where to turn for help. To whom but his friend, Mr. Muldoney, the officer on the beat near the high school. Lynn, his breath bursting from him, dashed up to the policeman, who asked genially, "What's after you, Lynn? Has Pansy laid down on you again?"

"Pansy's—dead—" said Lynn, choking. "It's Fiona Glenway—you know, next door to us—she's down on Railroad Avenue—and there's a guy going to murder them all, or something—anyway, he's a fierce guy, and I think you'd better go down there quick and see what's going on."

(Continued on page 41)

## WIND

The wind is a lovely thing  
I see it all around me  
As I sit in the summer sunshine  
It ruffles the soft white fur  
Of my Persian cat;  
And nods and sways the whispering  
grasses.  
It softly sings amidst the sleepy flowers,  
And rustles the leaves on the trees.  
Once in a while, a leaf  
Floats down, and smiles at me.  
The wind is like a mother,  
Tender, loving.

JEAN WEIRICK  
Janesville, Wisconsin

# Be Your Own Silversmith

*As told by JOHN P. HEINS to ANNA COYLE*

**I**F YOU have even the slightest flare for craft work, if you are the least bit deft in handling tools, and if you are interested in lovely jewelry—and what girl isn't?—a delightful new-old craft is waiting for you on this page. It is the making of jewelry.

We shall start with pierced silver work because it can be so beautiful in design and craftsmanship. It is tremendously popular right now, and it is ever so much fun to make.

Any girl will be happy to wear one of these silver pendants on which amusing animals stand out in shining silhouette, or a pin that is whimsical and original in design, a sturdy bracelet, or one of her own Girl Scout emblems or crests wrought in silver—and proud, too, that she made it herself! You will not find it difficult to make your own jewelry if you will follow carefully the instructions given here by John P. Heins, instructor in Fine Arts at Columbia University, who is giving you this lesson in silversmithing and jewelry-making through the pages of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Mr. Heins says:

"For our first lesson we shall discuss the making of a pierced silver pendant. The design and its application are the first principles to consider. One of the most attractive features in making your own jewelry is that it is individual. It expresses your own feelings and personality. Therefore, it should be original in design. As a source of inspiration the beginner may profitably study the metal work of the craftsmen of the past by visiting museums or studying books or photographs containing historic examples of metal work. The metal work of the Egyptians and Romans, Colonial fireplace castings, Indian pottery, and chased designs on old pewter, all offer suggestions. Designs from fine old examples of textiles and embroidery also can be adapted to metal work.

"The Girl Scout may well turn to her troop crests and merit badges and fit them to designs for pins, pendants, rings, or bracelets. I think that such emblems as the thistle, the goldenrod, the bluebird and others would work out especially well. It is each girl's problem to adapt these designs to the piece of jewelry she wishes to make. From these she will gradually work into other and more difficult forms of design.

"Due to lack of technical skill, the first piece of jewelry should be very, very simple. Its open spaces should be large and there should be few, if any, small details.

"Designing a pierced pendant is similar to making a stencil pattern. All the parts must be connected, and yet the breaks should not be made in too obvious a way, as is

often the case in stencil work. One area must not be completely within the boundary of a space that is to be pierced. Let us take, for example, the bird motif shown in the illustration. You will notice that each part of the design touches the border, and so the design and border are held together when the background is removed. Otherwise it would be left floating and drop out entirely.

"Another thing that must be avoided is the presence of loose masses or projections that may be bent and eventually broken. In the conventionalized flower motifs illustrated here, you will see how each flower or leaf is made to touch the border or some other part of the design and so is 'tied down.'

"It is a good plan first to make pencil sketches of your designs, and then to draw them with a brush and India ink on rice paper or ordinary bond paper. When a design is carefully drawn in ink, it is ready to be transferred to metal. The paper on which the drawing is made is securely fastened to the metal with liquid glue which has been diluted with water—one drop of glue to three drops of water. Lighter paste, such as library paste, will not do.

"The silver used in this type of jewelry comes in sheets which may be bought in the desired size and of a thickness that is measured by 'gauges.' We shall not go into all the details of gauges here, but it is enough to say that sixteen gauge silver is approximately one-sixteenth of an inch thick. As the number increases the gauge becomes thinner. For our pendant we shall use an eighteen gauge piece of sterling silver a little larger than the design. For practice work, copper may be used.

"You will need a sharp pointed punch, a hammer, a hand drill stock, number sixty and seventy drills, a bench pin, a jeweler's saw-frame, a dozen number one jeweler's saw blades, a half-round, a three-square and a round needle file, a piece of Scotch stone, a lump of jeweler's rouge, and a hand buff. These may be purchased from any reliable jeweler's supply concern. Silver can be bought from certain companies dealing in such supplies.

"When a Girl Scout troop is working together on jewelry, it is a good idea for them to buy their tools together. For example, one drill could be made to serve as many as six girls. One jeweler's saw-frame for every other girl would do nicely if, while the first girl is sawing, the second girl is working on design. In this case a bench pin will also serve two girls, and it is easily made by sawing a V cut in the end of a piece of wood. A set of files will serve the group. Each girl will then supply her own saw blades, hand

(Continued on page 38)





THIS MASSACHUSETTS SEA SCOUT FINDS THAT DECK DUTY INCLUDES POLISHING BRASS ON THE BINNACLE



BASKING IN THE SUN AT CAMP CALEMACO, IN CENTRAL VALLEY, NEW YORK IS PART OF A SWIMMER'S FUN AND A SURE WAY OF GETTING TANNED (LEFT)

TO CAMP LAKAMAGA GIRLS, CANOEING ON BIG MARINE LAKE IS IDEAL (TOP). SWIMMERS AT CAMP ALICE CHESTER USE THE "BUDDY SYSTEM" (CENTER)



"The Water"



PINE GROVE WATER-  
MAIDS AT HARRISBURG,  
PENNSYLVANIA SWIM  
IN INDIAN FILE, OR  
MAYBE IT'S A NEW  
KIND OF WET DAISY  
CHAIN (BOTTOM LEFT)

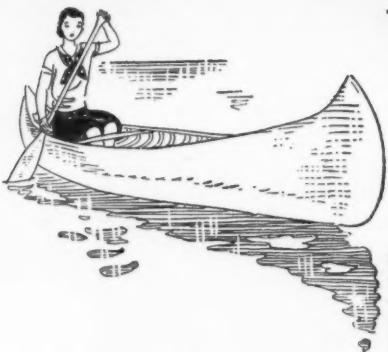
HERE IS A NORTH BER-  
GEN, NEW JERSEY GIRL  
WHO WON THE DIVING  
CHAMPIONSHIP AT A  
RECENT GIRL SCOUT  
MEET. IT'S CALLED A  
SWAN DIVE (RIGHT)



TWO MORE MASSACHUSETTS SEA SCOUTS DO A TURN  
AT DECK POLISHING IN TRUE SAILOR-FASHION



Water's Fine!"



# When Girl Scouts

*Whether they paddle canoes or sail lakes and rivers, Girl Scouts enjoy*

AUGUST is the month for water sports! By now Girl Scouts have begun to pass their life saving and canoeing tests, and they're ready for a month of thrilling swimming contests and boat races, and, perhaps, a long canoe trip like the one which Mary McFayden, of Ithaca, New York, tells about. She writes:

"One of the biggest events at Camp Comstock is the three day canoe trip north on Lake Cayuga. Six girls, who have passed the 'Big Chief' canoe test, and two councillors go each period.

"As we had three canoes, one of them contained all the food, and the others each had a 'lazy.' We all took turns 'lazying.' Blanket rolls were divided among the three. Although we all wore bathing suits, we each had a white middy and a pair of dark bloomers in case of emergency.

"We spent the first night at Rocky Rift, where the shore line is formed by limestone, broken by rifts of various sizes. We scraped away places for our beds from the pebbly beach which started a few feet from the water's edge.

"Being accustomed to six-thirty *reillé*, we did not sleep late the next morning, and after a very hearty breakfast, we again set out. Every time we saw anybody, we saluted with our paddles. Sometimes we got a response and sometimes merely a blank stare, but nothing daunted, we continued to hail all spectators.

"On our way back we encountered a terrific storm. The rain pelted down furiously. It was so heavy that to our

somewhat sunburned backs it cut like light hail. One canoe could not hold its own against the waves, and it went into shore, but the rest of us headed straight for Sheldrake Point, a half-mile ahead.

"Under a raincoat, we built a fire of wood gathered from under porches and boat houses. Around this we warmed and dried ourselves. When the rain stopped there was so strong a south wind that progress was almost impossible.

"Altogether we hit four storms, and we decided that we had been on a canoe *drip* rather than the regular canoe trip. But rain or no rain, none of us would have missed that trip for anything."

## Water Technique

*Minnesota Girl Scouts pass tests*

The Girl Scouts of Ely, Minnesota, learn many lessons about old Father Neptune. Leona Andersen tells us about their camp which "is located on the shores of Burntside Lake, Minnesota, and with that as headquarters, a canoe trip is most delightful. This year at camp, every Girl Scout learned the technique of paddling a canoe, its dangers and its possibilities. The Sailors' Badge was closely tied up with life saving instruction, as well as with methods of artificial respiration which we felt should be included in the test. Girl Scouts learn to climb into a canoe with no assistance—a rather difficult, yet self-satisfying stunt. They also learn artificial respiration, taught by our most efficient Miss Sylvia Walker, of Duluth. She is an American Red Cross life-saving instructor and examiner. We had the help of Mr. Allen B. Phillips, of the Duluth Chapter, as guest in-

structor also, and a lot was accomplished along these lines by many of us campers."

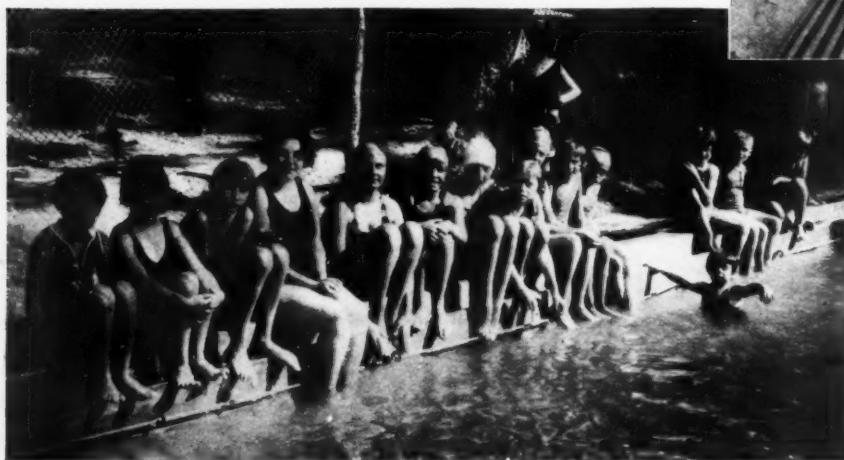
**A Maryland War Canoe**  
*Can you swim three hundred feet?*

Harriet Warren, of Centerville, Maryland, tells us about "Camp Winooski, whose name is an Indian word meaning 'beautiful stone river.' The location is on a steep bank overlooking the beautiful Chester River. There is a pier on the beach which affords great pleasure to the swimmers." To go canoeing there, you must pass a rigid examination.

"Swimming is one of our most important projects as we have the opportunity of learning to swim or to get the Red Cross life saving badges. Each Girl Scout, according to her swimming ability, is placed in a particular class—beginners, swimmers, or life savers. After supper and before campfire hour, boat riding



WHEN THESE CINCINNATI GIRL SCOUTS CAME ABOARD THE LOVELY STEAMER "ISLAND QUEEN" FOR A TWENTY MILE TRIP DOWN THE OHIO RIVER, IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A PERFECT DAY



THE REFRESHING AND LEISURELY PASTIME OF WADING IN THE POOL AFTER THE AFTERNOON DIP IS WHAT THESE GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA, GIRL SCOUTS ENJOY AT THEIR LOVELY CAMP, PINE GLEN

# Rule the Waves

*their own boats or frolic in the cool  
the water during happy vacation days*

and canoeing are enjoyed. Only those who can swim three hundred feet or over, however, are allowed in the canoes. This year the Girl Scouts purchased an eleven paddler war canoe which has been the delight of many campers."

McDonald, fourteen, of Jersey City, New Jersey, while swimming in twenty feet of water off the pier in front of the Community House at Lake Rogerene, in Morris County, was seized with a cramp and became helpless. There were

half a dozen or more persons on the pier who saw her plight, several of them men, but Beatrice, who is only sixteen, plunged into the lake and swam with the skill and speed of a Gertrude Ederle. She reached Loretta just after she had gone down for the last time, seized her under the arms with one arm, then used the other in swimming back to shore. On the pier, Beatrice assisted in reviving the girl she had saved.

"Beatrice had no idea that she had done anything so great as to deserve a cross for valor, and was the most astonished girl when the cross was presented to

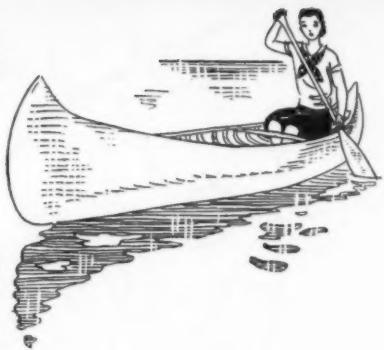
McLees,

Associate Captain, at the time of our usual opening exercises."

## The Legend of Wekiwa

*For a lovely water pageant*

*The Legend of Wekiwa* was written by a Girl Scout, Peggy Champ, of Mount



Dora, Florida. We are printing it here because we believe that it will give you as much pleasure as we had in reading it. And we can think of no more lovely pageant than the presentation of this Indian legend by the girls of your camp. It will be especially appropriate if you are camping near one of the beautiful springs like that described in the story.

"Far away in the northwest, there lived a mighty Indian tribe. The chief of this tribe was Wasuc, a mighty warrior and a skilled hunter. Wasuc had a daughter, Wekiwa, who was as beautiful as the dawn. Her eyes were like forest pools, and her raven hair fell in heavy rippling waves to her knees.

"The story of her beauty spread far and wide, and yet no one asked her hand in marriage. For when she was born, it was prophesied that she would marry not a mortal, but the god of some distant unknown spring.

"When Wekiwa had seen one and twenty summers come and go, she fell in love with Cadmanduc, the son of Wasuc's war chief. Mandamnia, Wekiwa's brother, discovered their secret and told the old chief, his father, who was very angry and resolved to go at once in search of the unknown spring of the prophecy.

"Nearby a deep, beautiful spring gushed up from the blue-green shadows of a ledge. Suddenly out of the spring came a deep sonorous voice. 'At midnight,' it declared, 'Wekiwa, daughter of Wasuc, the chief, must come alone and stand upon the bank, where she will see her future lord and master come

(Continued on page 48)

## Our Star Reporter

*The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. How you can be a Star Reporter for your own magazine and win a prize was explained fully in February, 1930*

THE Star Reporter for August, Winifred L. Palmer of Quincy, Massachusetts, describes a novel camp excursion:

"At Camp Mary Whiting, the Quincy, Massachusetts, Girl Scout camp in Bournehead, we have lots and lots of good times. Last summer one of the outstanding things was the boat trip which we had every two weeks. The girls went to Rocky Nook in a truck where we boarded the Boadicea.

"On the last trip of the season we were given a ride before landing. There was a ground swell and it was quite rough when we got outside of the harbor. Some of the girls proved that they were not good sailors, but others were.

"About noon we anchored off Saquich, an island, and one boatload of girls was taken ashore. It was too rough to land so they returned and we sailed over to Plymouth Beach, which was new to most of us. We went ashore and ate a beach lunch. Then we had free time to go exploring.

"While we were scattered, an airplane landed on the beach near us. We all ran to see it and found that it was from an airport in Quincy. One of the girls knew the aviator and he told us how they started the motor and how they took off.

"After that excitement we all went for a swim before the trip back. On the way home we saw some seals in the harbor."

## A Swimming Heroine

*Whose skill and courage saved a life*

Troop Two, of Rutherford, New Jersey, has reason to be proud of one of its members, Beatrice Gunther, who was awarded the Silver Cross for Valor. Bertha Fisse wrote us about the outstanding piece of heroism: "Loretta

her by Mrs. Jessie McLees, Associate Captain, at the time of our usual opening exercises."

## The Legend of Wekiwa

*For a lovely water pageant*

*The Legend of Wekiwa* was written by a Girl Scout, Peggy Champ, of Mount



ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, GIRL SCOUTS PLAY LIVELY WATER GAMES AT CAMP LAKAMAGA AND COMBINE HEALTHFUL EXERCISE WITH JOLLY SPORT



# The Rime of the Ancient Camper

*Verses and sketches reprinted  
by permission of "The Guide"  
The Official organ of the Brit-  
ish Girl Guides Association*

THE RAIN came down, down came the tents,  
The guy-ropes had been tight;  
Ours was the first of those that burst  
Upon that dreadful night.

Night after night; night after night  
We pitched the tents in rain;  
As soon as we erected one,  
The last fell down again.

She liveth best who eateth best  
All things both burnt and raw;  
For the cook patrol who cooked the stuff  
Had never cooked before.



The cook patrol was late with lunch;  
The Guides were gasping all.  
The entrance to the tent was soft;  
The maiden could but fall.



Forsooth she had a fiendish look  
As, clothed in coat of mud,  
She rose with gravy round her neck,  
And in her hair a "spud".

Farewell! farewell! But this I tell  
To those who wish to camp;  
She campeth best, who lighteth best  
The fire when all is damp.



*Who is Pan and who are the Updikes? Faith is decidedly startled—*

## A Misunderstood Bronc

(Continued from page 10)

a guiding force, plowed on. Suddenly both horses stopped. Kip O'Malley slid from the saddle. "We're here," he said.

Emily, looking at the long gate outlined in snow before them, laughed weakly. Kip O'Malley's wise little bronc had brought them in some round-about way back to the Flying Crow.

They stood for a few moments in the shelter of the horse shed whacking their hands to painful circulation, knocking off the crusted ice from their shoulders and their caps.

"Kip O'Malley," she said soberly, "if you hadn't come along I'd—I'd still be out there."

"I was comin' back to the Crow. I wanted to finish this before I did." He drew a roughly-hewn cross out of his pocket and handed it to her. There were words carved upon it but Em's eyes, blurred from the cold, could not read them. "I've been over Grizzly way to see a fellow that wanted my prize saddle. I dickered with him for two days but I got the money now to pay Uncle Haze. Maybe it'll help square things."

"Uncle Haze left for the stock show," shivered Em. "I hope they got to Buffalo Fork before the blizzard hit. But what made you go running away?"

"Never mind lecturin' me now," he said gruffly. "Save your breath for this sprint to the house. But listen, Em, a fellow can stand just so much—I tell you something broke loose in me that day. But I never thought it'd end in shootin' like it did."

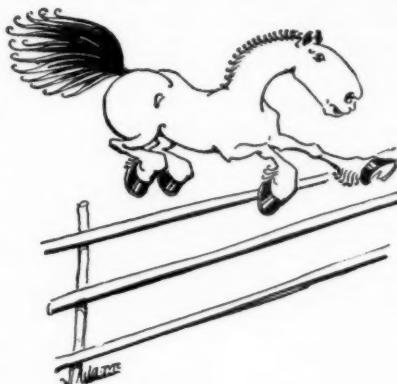
Together they pushed through the buffeting storm, following first one fence, then another, till they pounded open the kitchen door.

They both stopped short in surprise. All the staff of the Flying Crow was assembled there. Uncle Haze, whom Emily thought on the train to the city, sat with his feet on the oven door while Pinto rubbed the brown, pungent liniment on his arm. Lester, looking whitely worried, fidgeted about, and Oku Hung placidly mixed a batter in a chipped yellow bowl.

For a minute no one spoke; then Uncle Haze, looking at Kip, said, "So you came back! Suppose you thought I was gone, eh? Well, I did start out but my rheumatism felt out that blizzard in the air and I made Juan turn around.

"Yes, Em said you'd gone." Kip's face was reddish-blue with the cold and now the red faded, leaving only the blue. He looked all about him and his eyes had a hunted, sheepish look. Strangely enough, so had Lester's.

Emily was staring down at the carved



cross in her hand.

She could read it now—the inscription was, "In memory of a misunderstood little bronc."

"Why, Kip, what's this for?"

"For Hello Heaven. He was a good little cayuse I thought most likely he'd pile little Dodds on his noodle the first thump. I never reckoned on you havin' to

shoot him," he explained sheepishly.

"But Hello Heaven wasn't shot. He wasn't even touched," said Emily. "It was Lester that was shot." A small flicker of understanding found its way into her eyes. She turned to the tenderfoot. "Lester, did you climb on that bucking horse?"

"Bucking horse?" said Lester. "I thought it was an earthquake under me. Yes, Kip told me he had more life than any other pony but that I had to dig my spurs in good."

"I guess you did all right," went on Emily. "But that gun? Why, Lester, you must have had it fastened in your belt."

"I did," he admitted with forced bravado, without looking at Uncle Haze.

"The doctor said it had a powder burn," Emily mused, "but I never thought about you wearing the gun and it getting caught so that the trigger would go off."

"Wait a minute," said Uncle Haze, "wait a minute. If the gun went off by itself, just why was Kip O'Malley scooting over the plains like a flash?"

Emily laughed again. "Why? Why do you suppose? Hadn't he talked Lester into riding Hello Heaven? He was scared of you, Uncle Haze."

"Yeah," said Kip, "I just couldn't picture myself turned over your knee for him," with a miserable glance toward Lester, "to laugh at. Then when I heard the shot I figured you had to shoot Hello Heaven. I thought I'd better get the money to square that. I stayed in a little shack up in John's Windpipe carvin' this little headpiece and—gettin' up nerve to come back."

Lester cleared his throat and spoke, "I was scared too—I wanted to go home and write and explain everything after I got there. I took Kip O'Malley's gun to go duck-hunting."

Uncle Haze's face cleared. He smiled. "Yessir, that's enough. Yessir, old as I am I'd take you two lads over my knee if it wasn't for this blasted rheumatism."

Kip O'Malley drew closer to the fire, his shoulders squared. Lester gulped with relief. They smiled at each other for the first time. "Here, Oku," said Emily, "you get the cross."

Oku's smile was proud. "Does one wear it alound the neck?" he asked.

## What every girl should know about popularity

Do you think you *must* have wavy hair and long eyelashes and expensive clothes in order to be popular?

Then here's a surprise for you!

None of these things is any drawback, of course, but *not one is essential!*

Pep and sparkle and joyous, buoyant good health are really all you need. If you have all these, you're bound to be popular. There's simply no escaping it!

And sports can give you all these things—if you go in for them regularly and seriously.

Be sure *first* to have the right equipment. Loose, comfortable, sleeveless dresses for tennis; well-cut shorts or bloomers for basketball and hockey. And, for all these sports—Keds, in whichever of their varied styles best suits your taste and needs.

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United States Rubber Company



This style of Keds laces clear to the toe and is especially good for gym work.

*When she finds out—in the September installment of "The Fork in the Road"*

## Jean Norris, Magistrate

(Continued from page 15)  
their highly prized righteousness.

Judge Jean Norris, the only woman judge in the state of New York, smiled as she told me this story.

"The incident had a permanent influence upon my life," she concluded. "Since the afternoon of my peculiar apology, I have never found it difficult to admit my mistakes. And that, incidentally, is a requirement for every lawyer and for every magistrate."

She spoke like what she is—a judge. Her voice was clear and calm; her presence, dignified.

A half hour before, I had been in the court room when the deep voice of one of the court attendants boomed out, "All stand. The judge is entering the Court." It was a most solemn occasion.

I had stood with the rest and had seen her enter, her head with its short black wavy hair erect above the simplicity of the rolling white collar, which relieved the voluminous black robe. And I had heard her try the case of Camilla Benuto. Camilla, a dark-eyed dark-haired young Italian girl of sixteen, wept bitterly before the baleful eyes of her mother and the disdain of her brother.

"I'm guilty. I'm guilty," Camilla had sobbed before the Judge could speak.

The mother could not speak English nor did she understand it. An interpreter, in Italian, conveyed Judge Norris' questions.

What had Camilla done?

She was a bad, bad girl. She stayed out nights. Emphasizing her words with angry jerkings of her shawled head, Camilla's mother demanded, through the interpreter, "Put her away. I don't want her."

The Judge leaned forward. "You say she has stayed out late at night. How often?" she asked.

The mother gesticulated. The interpreter translated. "Twice, your Honor."

"And where did Camilla go on those nights?"

"Once to the movies, your Honor. And once to a dance at her church."

"How late did she stay out the night she went to the motion pictures?"

"Nine, your Honor."

"How late was it the night she went to the church dance?"

"Ten-thirty, your Honor."

"With whom did she go to the motion pictures?"

"With a girl friend from her church, your Honor."

"With whom did she go to the church dance?"

"With the same friend, your Honor."

"Who walked home with her?"

"The same friend, your Honor."

"Anyone else?"

"No, your Honor."

"And what did you do when Camilla came home late on those nights?" the Judge asked of Camilla's mother.

A flood of Italian inundated the court room. The mother burst into impreca-

tions. The brother stepped up. "I beat her good," he declared. Camilla sobbed pitifully. And the interpreter, restoring order, gave back the official reply, "Her brother beat her, your Honor."

The Judge turned to Camilla. Her eyes were very kind and there was gentle pity in her voice. "Tell me, Camilla," she said. "Do you work?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Camilla between choking sobs.

"Where, Camilla?"

"To the factory."

"How much do you earn there, dear?"

There was friendliness in her Honor's voice. And Camilla, feeling it, raised her head. "I get fifteen dollars a week."

"And what do you do with it?"

"I give all of my money to my mother."

"How much does she give back to you?"

But to the interpreter's words, the only reply was violent head-shakings. And the brother, joining in, added his harsh, "She's a bad girl. Put her away."

Before their hardness, the gentle, velvet-eyed Camilla shrank.

At length the Judge passed sentence. "The Court rules that Camilla Benuto is not guilty. She is not a bad girl. I cannot send her to a home."

It is cruel to be told you are not wanted in your own home. Camilla's head went down upon her hands. "Don't cry, dear," said the Judge. "Go with this man into that room over there and I will take care of you."

The mother and the brother walked away. Camilla vanished through a doorway, led by a kind court attendant. At a gesture from the Judge, another attendant came to my side. "Her Honor will now call a worker from Camilla's church," he explained. "And she will take care of her until we can find some place for the girl to live."

"Will the Judge see that she finds a place to live?" I whispered.

"Oh, yes," he said.

It was true. Months later, seeing the Judge, I asked her what had happened to Camilla.

"That poor, dear child!" said the Judge. "We searched until we at last found an Italian family who were genuinely interested in having her live with them. There was a girl the same age as Camilla, and the mother was an understanding soul who knew that a girl must have some fun as well as work. Camilla is still with them."

Judge Jean Norris—the first woman Judge in the state of New York, sitting in a court room crowded with spectators, newspaper reporters, court attendants, lawyers, defendants and complainants—mostly men. A woman adequate to such a difficult situation!

Justice, the Judge told me that morning in her office, is the quality which, above all else, she covets. To be just—and to understand. A woman bringing to the court room not only a keen knowledge of law, not only a rare dignity, but a sympathy and an understanding which make of her court rulings something more than matters of law alone. It was this understanding which was so quick to recognize Camilla Benuto's need for play.

I wondered at her poise. For Jean Hortense Giles-Noonan Norris wasn't always a judge on the bench. She grew up as many girls grow up—dreaming of travel and far adventure. But even though her ancestors had been English barristers for generations, with a strain of Irish and a strain of Norman French, it didn't occur to Jean that she could be a lawyer. A circus-rider, perhaps, because she adored riding, and a circus-rider can straddle a horse and jump through a hoop. Later, she shifted her allegiance from circus-rider to surgery.

(Continued on page 34)

## Have You Forgotten?

to enter the contest you have all been clamoring for—the contest that will give you a chance to tell other readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL all about your own hobby? Everybody is eligible. Read the rules given on page four of our last June issue and be sure

to enter

## OUR HOBBY CONTEST

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"Ten cents for my carfare and twenty-five cents for my lunch every day."

Once more the judge turned to Camilla's angry mother.

"What does Camilla do when she comes home at night?"

"She helps me with the dishes and the wash," replied the woman.

"And what does she do when that is finished?"

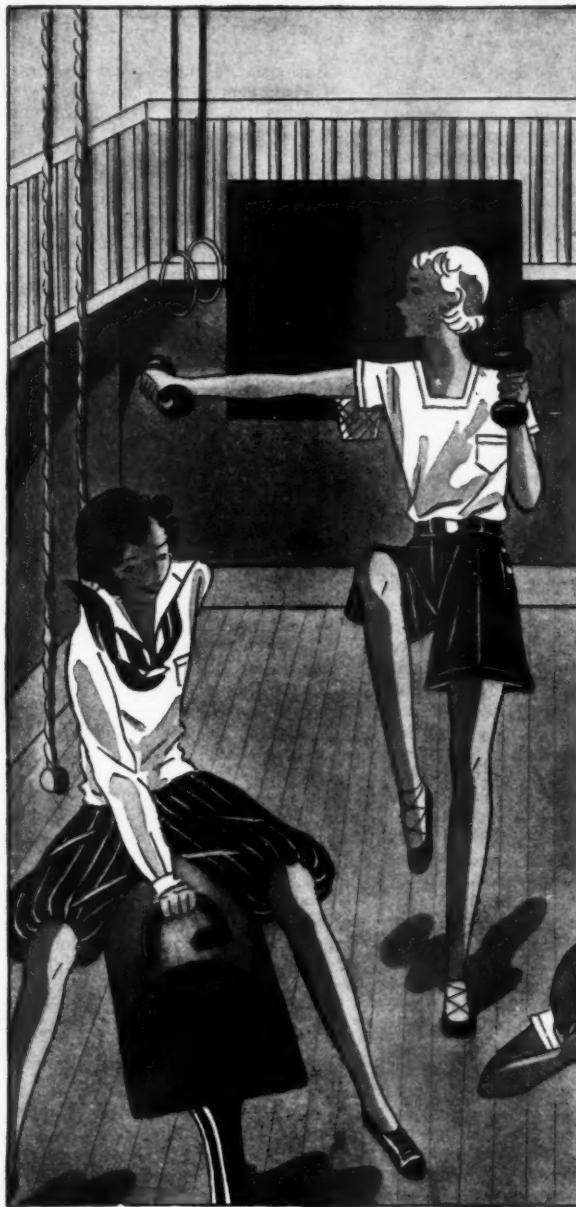
"She goes to bed."

Again it was toward the mother and the brother that Judge Norris directed her remarks. "Camilla is not a bad girl," she said. "Camilla is a very good girl. She gives you all her money. She has stayed out only two nights in her whole life—and then she was with her friends. Camilla is sixteen. She must have some good times. Every girl Camilla's age needs good times."

The woman was obdurate. The black-shawled head continued to jerk violently. "No. No. She is a bad, bad girl. She cannot come back. Put her away."

Patiently the Judge persisted, earnestly trying to win from the mother some understanding of a girl's need for play.

*"The Rider at the Door" is the alluring title of Harriette R. Campbell's new story—*



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The pretty brunette on the horse does her gym work in a more regulation type of gym costume, but with this exception—it has more style than usual. The white jean, sloped side middy is furnished with either long or short sleeves. Price \$1.00 or in heavy snow white Super Jean \$1.50. Her full pleated bloomers are made with "Stub" legs and a convenient pocket. In black sateen \$1.50 and in black or navy all wool serge \$2.95.



All garments on this page  
are made in sizes 6 to 22.

*Read this thrilling adventure story in the September "American Girl"*



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## Jean Norris, Magistrate

(Continued from page 32)

"I'm going to study medicine," she announced to her family one evening.

A girl—a surgeon, with knives! Preposterous! And her horrified family set out, systematically, to discourage her.

As a matter of record, Jean embarked upon none of these careers. When she was twenty years old, she married and settled down to a life of domesticity. But in less than two years her husband died. It was then, as a widow, and at the age of twenty-two, that she decided to become a lawyer. Bravely she undertook the long course which she must pass before taking the State bar examinations—college work and three years of legal training. Two degrees from New York University and several courses in sociology at Fordham University primed her for the Bar. A year later she was established in her own law office.

But the career of the girl who was nicknamed "Haughty" was more hazardous than it appears on paper. Back in 1909, women lawyers were as scarce as bluebirds in winter. When Mrs. Jean Norris took notes in law class, more than one professor looked at her dubiously. When she was ready to hang out her "shingle", landlords eyed her askance and put her off upon being informed that she wanted to rent an office. When, as an attorney, she argued a case in court, the opposing side did not always take her seriously—to their grief.

For ten years she practiced law. Many a night, while she was collecting a clientele, she worked far into the black hours, briefing, drawing up contracts, mulling over affidavits. She became widely known as a competent lawyer. Frequently her fair-mindedness was commented upon, or a newspaper named her as an important factor in new legislation, or a politician praised the work she was accomplishing with Judge Olvany in the Tenth Assembly District as his co-leader. She was elected President of the National Association for Women Lawyers and President of the New York State Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Fear and respect—she could elicit both!

In October, 1919, she was appointed to the Magistrate's bench in New York City, the first woman to serve as a Judge in New York State. She took her seat with the dignity which characterized her "Yes, Father," on that memorable day when he said, "Jean Noonan, were you guilty of such rudeness?"

For eleven years she has rotated among all the Magistrates' Courts in the counties of New York and the Bronx. For eleven years she has faced the accused with level eyes, and delivered sentence. Her work, she tells me, is fascinating.

"Do you think," I asked her Honor (how odd the feminine sounds!), "that there are attributes peculiar to girls which fit them especially for law?"

"As in everything else," said Judge Norris, "it depends upon the girl herself. There are men who make good lawyers and women who make good lawyers. Sex doesn't greatly matter."

"But girls do make good lawyers?"

"Girls in general? No. Individual girls and individual men? Yes. It depends upon the person. The girl who is interested in law must have a clear mind, an ability to grasp facts and to see the significance of facts, an ability to grasp the law, itself, if she would be a lawyer. And she must set herself to secure her training in a recognized law school. In law school, some young women who have thought they wished to become lawyers drop out. Their class work shows them that they are unsuited for it. Other young women discover through their study and their first experiences in the law that, despite the difficulties, they enjoy it."

"Is the number of women lawyers increasing?" I asked.

"Every year," replied Judge Norris. "Just as the number of women doctors is increasing. In law, as well as in medicine, the long training which is necessary and the time one must spend in getting experience and in gaining a clientele in order to be self-supporting make both fields difficult to enter."

"One often comes upon women lawyers in unexpected places. Why in the court of Batavia, Java, when I went around the world, I discovered a woman attorney—a little, dark-skinned thing, educated in Holland, I believe. You see," Judge Norris went on to explain, "we judges do have occasional weeks of duty. Before the trip which I just mentioned, I let mine accumulate to eighteen weeks. And when I started off Judge McAdoo asked me to investigate the courts of the Orient. Accordingly, I sat beside the three judges in the native court of Cairo, Egypt; in the courts of Rangoon, Burma; Bombay and Calcutta, India; in Singapore, in Shanghai, China and Tokyo, Japan. It was a fascinating experience."

There are a few law schools that still do not admit young women—but there are many law schools that do, and the girl who is interested can find out which ones they are by inquiring. And one by one, the number of these law schools which do admit women is becoming greater. So the girl who is attracted to this field can secure the necessary training, although she must be ready for several years of it, as Judge Norris said.

Once having secured her training, are things as difficult for the girl of today as they were for Judge Norris? Yes, in many ways. Prejudice against women lawyers still exists in some communities. People will not consult them. There are still law offices which will not consider giving an opening to a young woman, whereas they will gladly make room for a young man who has been a member of the same law class as she. Yet, just as the number of law schools which a girl may attend is increasing, so the opportunities to enter law offices for apprenticeship are multiplying for her. The very fact that there has been a Judge Norris as well as many other able practicing women lawyers and a few women judges in other cities is constantly widening this field.

You can help edit "The American Girl" for 1931—

## The Puppy Cubs

(Continued from page 18)

through a heavy thicket of scrub oak and unexpectedly burst full upon the trio, crouched there watching the sheep camp.

Like flashes of lightning the old bear and the two sheep-dogs spun about to face the collie. Then for the briefest space of time all four stood eyeing each other, tensed, alert, waiting. The old bear became a cornered demon. Her little eyes blazed red and fierce. A savage snarl burst from her. Her thin lips were drawn back over ugly yellow fangs, and one great claw-armored paw was half raised ready to deliver one of those crushing blows of which she was capable.

The sheep-dogs presented a strange picture of perplexity. It was the first time in their lives that they had ever come in contact with a dog; one of their own kind, and they did not appear to know exactly how to greet him. The war-like attitude of the old bear caused them to be alert and ready to strike or defend themselves against an attack, but at the same time a certain sense of joy welled up within them that made them want to romp forward and joyfully greet this newcomer.

The collie was the first to take advantage of the situation. To him the real enemy, the real menace to be dealt with, was the great hairy monster of the trio. Valiantly he plunged to the attack. With an ugly roar he hurled himself full at the bear's shaggy throat paying small heed to the claw-armored paw that slashed at him and raked him from shoulder to rump, laying open ragged furrows in his burnished flanks.

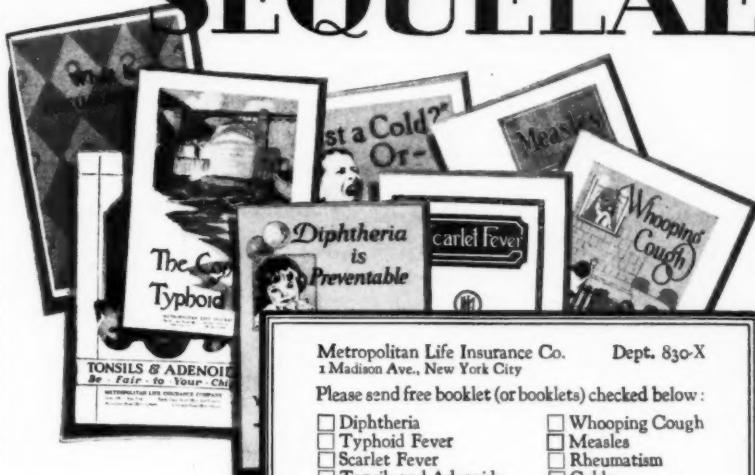
He was a strong and powerful dog, as brave and fearless as any of his breed, and he flung himself into the battle with terrible savagery. With his first fierce rush, his long wolf-like jaws found the bear's throat. His nose was buried deep in the shaggy neck and his long fangs closed in her flesh and clung fast while he wrenched and tore and clung on with terrible ferocity.

For a moment, the two sheep-dogs looked on as if stunned by the whole swift movement of events. Then suddenly they realized with a rush of anger that the big bear, their companion, their mother, was being set upon by a relentless enemy; being torn to pieces; killed by this fierce newcomer. She was struggling desperately to defend herself against this lithe stranger. Their strong sense of loyalty to the old bear, their foster mother, suddenly overpowered every other instinct and emotion and with snarls they leaped to the attack.

It was a savage encounter while it lasted. The two sheep-dogs with all the fierceness of wolves plunged in and buried their punishing jaws into the back and neck of the collie. Attacked from both sides and still struggling fiercely with and being badly mauled by the bear, the collie had more than even his staunch spirit could cope with. He loosed his hold on the bear's throat and strove to defend himself against these two new assailants. But he had been caught off guard from the first and

(Continued on page 36)

# Perils of SEQUELAE



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## The Puppy Cubs

(Continued from page 35)

the sheep-dogs' slashing jaws tore deep into his neck and sides, opening great bloody wounds each time they struck.

These two bounding furies were more than he could handle. He charged one, only to be stopped by the rush of the other plunging in from the opposite side. They came at him like enraged wolves, their strong jaws snapping and dripping blood, their big, brown eyes flashing the sinister fire of battle. One hurled his full weight at the collie in a savage rush to reach his throat. The collie threw his heavy body sideways to meet the rush with his heavy shoulder. But at the same instant the second sheep-dog plunged in from the other side and struck him in the rump. The combined impact of the two bowled the big collie over, and while he rolled on the ground struggling and kicking to regain his feet, both sheep-dogs leaped in with fierce snarls and began to tear at his unprotected belly and throat.

This was more than he had courage to endure. He knew that he was outnumbered and beaten from the first and in a fair way of being killed. All the fight suddenly left him to give way to terrible panic and the fear of being torn to pieces by these fierce gray dogs. His snarling growls changed to yelps of fear. He struggled and rolled over and over in the underbrush trying to regain his feet and throw off the weight of the two shaggy animals that were tearing at his vitals.

Somehow he accomplished the feat. Then with a twist and a wrench he tore himself free from the jaws of the sheep-dogs, hurled their clinging weight from his heaving flanks, and with his bushy tail between his legs he bolted headlong down the slope toward the point in the valley where the herder's fire gleamed through the night. The two sheep-dogs growling savagely watched him go. With the fierce light of battle still gleaming in their eyes, they were moved at first to follow him, to catch, tear him down, kill him. But the twinkling light in the valley below, and the fact that the old bear had deserted them and slunk off into the thicket, caused them to change their minds. Instead they turned too, and romped off after the black bear, expecting no doubt a grunt of approval from her because they had so thoroughly thrashed her antagonist.

But when they caught up with her they discovered that something was strangely amiss. The savagery that had come over her ever since she had first nosed the sheep trail had changed to a strange sulky grumpiness. She did not greet them and nose them over affectionately as she always had since they were puppies. Instead she growled at them sullenly as they came loping up behind her, and when one of them came too close to her she cuffed at him with her big paw.

At this the two dogs looked at each other as if they hoped in some way to fathom a reason for her irritability. But apparently neither of them could comprehend, and so they followed at a

respectful distance for a time. But now and then they tried to attract her attention by darting here and there in the underbrush and making a great to-do over the cold trails of animals they would never have bothered with ordinarily. It was as if they hoped to arouse her interest and divert her mind from whatever cause she had for being sullen and grouchy. But the old bear steadfastly refused to notice them.

After a time, her attitude depressed the naturally exuberant spirits of the two dogs and had the effect of making them act, and doubtless feel, like two puppies who had done something for which they deserved punishment. They gave over romping off through the forest finally, and loped along sedately beside her, but well out of reach, should she suddenly turn and cuff at them. And there was about them both the attitude of children who, not understanding their mood, were resigned to the necessity of having great patience with their parents.

The mood did not pass all that evening, nor would the old bear permit the dogs to curl up with her and share the warmth of her big shaggy body, when toward morning she crawled under a fallen hemlock and curled up on a bed of moss, to sleep. When they attempted to snuggle in beside her she drove them off and they were forced to find shelter for themselves, hopeful perhaps, that when the warmth of midday came, their mother would be in more genial humor.

she cuffed at them they whimpered as they dodged away and scuttled to cover. They never resented her ill temper. They tolerated it with the patience that only a faithful dog possesses.

Then one day when she seemed unusually sullen and the dogs were forced to follow behind her at a greater distance to avoid her ugly charges at them, quite unexpectedly all three came out into a forest glade that was fringed round about with brilliantly frost-painted trees. And there in the center, standing on his haunches and regarding them curiously was another bear, a huge brown fellow, much larger and heavier than their companion.

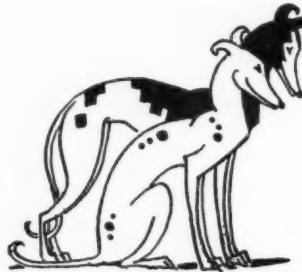
When she caught sight of him, the mother bear whoofed a greeting and ambled clumsily toward him, but the big fellow, mystified at her companionship and sensing a trap, growled and showed his teeth, and with bristling hair made evident his suspicions. At this the mother bear growled too and wheeling, charged at the sheep-dogs as if to show the stranger that they were not companions of her own choosing. And the dogs not knowing what to make of the whole situation, but realizing that only flight would save them, bolted back into the timber again. There, safe in the shelter of a clump of hemlocks, they sat down and, with tongues hanging and ears cocked, watched the two bears become acquainted and go ambling off into the forest side by side.

For a long time after the bears had disappeared, they sat there in silence, and there was about them a melancholy air. It was as if they had expected more of the mother bear and were disappointed in her. Then suddenly as though they both made up their minds that there was little use in grieving and that that was the end of that as far as they were concerned, they stood up, stretched, and yawned, then turned and trotted off up the mountainside.

But there was little spirit in their going, and they seemed far from interested in the direction they took. In truth they showed little interest in anything. A snow-shoe rabbit, with an angry thump of surprise started from a clump of birch saplings and with his white puff of a tail held high went loping off before them, surprised no doubt, that they did not give chase. A pair of stupid spruce grouse flashed almost in front of them, and flew to a low-hanging hemlock branch where they clucked insanely as the two dogs trotted by. They did show slight interest in a chipmunk that scuttled into a hole, but after sniffing and digging for a few minutes they lost heart in this and continued on their apparently objectless way across the valley and up the slope of the mountains. The result of their erratic wanderings was that by midday they were half way up the southern side of Big Thunder.

They paused a moment as they came out on a ledge that overlooked Roaring Forks, to take advantage of the warmth of the noonday sun.

And as they sat there looking down the valley, they saw below them a mass



But if this was their hope they were disappointed, for sullenness was still upon her when she awoke, nor did it pass the next day or the next. Instead as the days went on she became more mean tempered and ugly. She avoided looking at them or noticing them at all, and when they tried to force her attention she only growled and snarled at them and cuffed when they came too close. It seemed as if she blamed them for the frustration of their raid on the sheep flock; as if she held them accountable for the attack by the shepherd dog, and would no longer be friendly with them. Probably she was realizing for the first time that despite the fact that she had mothered them they were dogs after all, not bears, and as such, natural enemies.

The sheep-dogs, however, could not understand this at all. They still retained the fondness and respect for her that they had always had and showed it in their various attitudes. They never growled or snarled back, and each time

*Just a short while left for the introductory fifty cent offer—*

of slowly moving objects that caught and held their interest. It was Lon Carroll's big band of five thousand-odd sheep working slowly up toward the pass, on the way to the home ranch for the winter. And wafted up to the dogs on the soft Indian summer breeze came the strong odor of the sheep herd, once more wakening the instincts of countless generations of flock tending ancestors.

It was like a summons out of the past that was irresistible. They could not know, of course, that here below them was the man who would have been their master, shepherding the flock they would have helped him tend, had fate shaped events differently. It was sufficient for them that the flock was there and that some strange urge within them made them want to join it and become part of the shepherd's band.

For a moment they stood there trembling and whining in their eagerness, trying perhaps to make up their minds just what to do. Then, as if both decided at the same instant, they turned and bolted off the ledge and crashed madly down the mountainside barking joyously, perhaps to tell Lon Carroll in advance that they were coming to join him and his sheep herd.

## Accessories Up-to-Date

(Continued from page 21)  
to be economical and thrifty, choose neutral browns or heather for these instead of vivid patterns. Allow for shrinkage in wool stockings and for stretch in lisle.

A well-fitting glove according to present standards is a loose glove. Fingers especially should be long enough. Washable lined fabric gloves are cheapest to buy and maintain, and quite good form for almost every everyday occasion. Capeskin is excellent with tweeds and other heavy outdoor costumes. Suede is elegant but perishable. There has been a return in the last year to the wearing of gloves for evening—an expensive and formal fashion.

The vogue for inexpensive jewelry to suit the individual costume is a good one, but the economical girl buys things that she can use more than once. If the wardrobe is planned around a central color, take this into consideration in selecting the jewelry. Avoid extremes and try for one accenting note rather than many decorations.

There is a vogue for matching bags to shoes which is helpful in planning a well-balanced wardrobe. Suede is impractical for bags unless you have a lot of them and can save the suede one for best. Be sure to get for everyday a well made bag, large enough to hold all you need to carry without bulging. An overstuffed bag wears out very soon.

The chief point to remember in buying accessories is to buy them not as starting points but as finishing touches for your costume. If you will keep this firmly in mind you will find yourself better dressed and not in possession of a great deal of this and that, bought at a bargain, of no real use.

# Every girl should know that Kotex protects health as well as comfort



Doesn't this give you a new idea of the health value of Kotex...to know that Kotex absorbent is used in 85% of the hospitals of the United States?

SOMETIMES it's hard for girls to realize the importance to their health of the right kind of sanitary protection.

But doctors know how important it is. They know your nervous vitality is lower at certain times. And they know that physical and mental comfort must be protected, so that nervous strain is lessened. Because continued nervous strain at these times may permanently injure health.

### Kotex protects from nerve strain

There are many ways in which Kotex safeguards health. It is scientifically designed to remove all possible strain from delicate nerves. Kotex is carefully shaped so it is always comfortable. The corners are rounded and tapered so it really fits.

Remember that Kotex is not made of cotton, which is bulky, and so likely to pack and chafe and irritate.

Kotex is made of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding—a wonderful substance 5 times as absorbent as cotton. Your Kotex pad can be far lighter in weight than any cotton pad, yet give equal or greater protection.

And Kotex is hygienic in this very important way. The Cellucotton filler absorbs away from the surface, so the surface is kept soft, delicate and clean. Moisture is distributed through the entire pad, not held in one place.

### Hospitals prefer Kotex absorbent

Doesn't this give you a new idea of the health importance of Kotex...to know that Kotex absorbent is used by 85% of the lead-

ing hospitals of the United States? And not for just one or two purposes...but for almost every important operation.

Hospitals prefer Kotex absorbent because it absorbs more and lasts longer; and because it gives patients so much more comfort.

Isn't it wonderful to know that this same marvelous absorbent is available to every girl in the United States, for her own personal use? Just ask for Kotex anywhere, in any drug, dry goods or department store. The price is never more than 45 cents.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

### IN HOSPITALS

1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.

2 Kotex is soft... Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

3 Safe, secure... keeps your mind at ease.

4 Deodorizes... safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 Disposable, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12  
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

**KOTEX**  
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Why not give some friend five months of real pleasure?

## Be Your Own Silversmith

(Continued from page 25)  
 buff, which she will make from a piece of wood on which chamois is glued on one side and felt on the other, and a hammer and center punch, which she is quite likely to find in the tool chest at home. But to get back to our lesson!

"After the tracing on the silver is dry, use the center punch to make small dents in each of the sections that is to be sawed out. These dents will prevent the drill from sliding when you start to bore. It is advisable to place the dent near the edge and corner of the section that is to be sawed, but not so near that the drill will later cut into the line.

"Select a number sixty drill and put it in the drill stock ready to make the holes which will admit the saw blade. It is not necessary to put pressure on the drill stock while boring, for its own weight will be sufficient.

"Now we are ready to begin sawing. You will observe that the teeth of the saw blade point in one direction, so that one end of the blade is fastened in the saw-frame at the point nearest the handle in such a manner that the teeth point outward and down toward the handle. All cutting is done on the downward pull. Now slip the saw blade through one of the holes in the piece of silver, fasten the other end securely in the other jaw of the frame. The blade should be taut.

"The best results are obtained if all sawing is done on a 'bench pin', a board with a V cut in one end, and fastened over the edge of the table, with the working surface on a level with your chest when you are sitting at the table. Always saw away from you. Cut out the inner portions first and the outline of the pendant last. Turn the silver rather than the frame when cutting, always working just a little to the inside of the line to allow for filing later.

"Almost every beginner has the experience of breaking many blades, but do

not be discouraged if you have 'beginner's luck' in this instance, for the broken pieces can often be used by shortening the distance between the two jaws of the saw-frame through adjusting the set screw.

"After you have finished all the sawing, file the silver to the traced line if you wish. Some craftsmen, however, prefer to retain the jagged edges created by the saw. A half round file will be found most useful for reaching curved and straight lines, and a three square file will be found helpful in angles. And the round file will reach smaller openings. Rest the silver on the edge of the table while filing and remember that the file cuts on the pushing stroke.

"The tracing is next removed by soaking in water, and the pendant is ready for its finishing touches. A craftsman-like finish is sometimes given by beveling the edges of the design slightly. You can do this by going over them lightly with the file. Accidental scratches are removed from the surface of the pendant with Scotch stone, keeping the surface wet while working. Next apply a fine pumice with a brush—an old tooth brush, for instance. If you wish a high polish, use a hand buff with jeweler's rouge, rubbing the rouge on the buff and applying it to the silver. Finally, a good

silver polish adds the soft luster so much to be desired in this jewelry.

"Pierced pendants are becoming when hung on a black ribbon or a ribbon which harmonizes with your dress. Just now it is stylish to wear your pendant on a fine silver chain like a choker. Hat ornaments and pins are made on exactly the same principle as the pendant. Any jeweler will put on the catch joint and pin at small cost.

"Flat piercing is also effective on bracelets, when the design is carried out in border fashion, giving it a rhythmic quality. After the piercing has been done, the silver is bent over a bracelet mandrel or any round piece of metal or wood, using a wooden mallet to hammer it carefully into shape. Or if you must finish your first piece of jewelry in a hurry, an open bracelet with hammered surface and interestingly filed edges is quickly and easily made. Use the ball end of a ball-pein hammer having one rounded end to give the effect you wish.

"There is still another way in which a Girl Scout may work out her emblems attractively in jewelry. Her troop crests might be etched in pins, rings or bracelets of her own making. In etching, the design is applied to the silver and covered over with asphaltum varnish, which acts as an acid resist and protects the parts that you want to retain. The piece to be etched is put in a solution of nitric acid, which eats out the background of silver that is exposed and leaves the motif in relief. The greatest of care must be exercised in using the acid in order to avoid burns. After the etching process, the varnish is removed with benzole."

So you see, when you have become interested in jewelry making, there is no end to its possibilities. Soon you will be making the most enchanting things to wear, you'll be fashioning gifts of jewelry that are individual and different.



## Hot Weather Delicacies

(Continued from page 20)  
 fluffy. It is then poured into the dessert dishes or molds and set away to chill.

### Chocolate Jelly

1 tablespoon gelatin	1½ squares chocolate
¼ cup cold water	late (grated or broken in small pieces)
1 pint milk	½ cup sugar
1 inch stick cinnamon	½ teaspoon salt
mon	1 egg yolk
1 inch vanilla bean	
1 egg white	

Soak the gelatin in cold water. Put the milk in the top of the double boiler over hot water and set over the fire. Add the stick cinnamon and vanilla bean. When the milk is hot, remove these, wash them and put away to dry for future use, and put the grated chocolate in the milk. When it is melted, beat up with an egg beater, add the sugar and salt, beat up the yolk and beat this in, too. Stir in the gelatin, let

chill to the jelling point, beat up with the beater and fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. Pour into dessert dishes, chill and serve with cream. If vanilla bean is not available add a teaspoon of vanilla at the last.

For the dessert course we have used a fruited jelly (see upper right-hand corner of illustration) and molded it in halves of skins of oranges. It is topped with whipped cream with a cube of jelly to give a touch of color and served with cookies which have been dipped in melted sweetened chocolate.

August is the month when the menus should consist of dishes that are light and refreshing. Hence, gelatin dishes are especially appropriate for this month.

Each one of the menus given here contains one gelatin dish. Gelatin is a protein. Each menu contains a second protein course, but if a lighter meal is desirable, this protein course may be omitted in every case except in menu four

when the potato salad may be omitted instead. Each menu has a green leafy vegetable and fruit in some form which is important in summer menus. Here are some menus not listed on page twenty.

### Menu Four

- Jellied lamb's tongues
- Potato salad
- Lettuce sandwiches
- Cantaloupe and ice cream
- Coffee or cocoa

### Menu Five

- Cream of onion soup
- Toasted cheese sandwiches
- Fruited orange jelly
- Chocolate cookies

There are numerous other combinations that would make appropriate hot weather menus. Try them and let THE AMERICAN GIRL hear about them if they are popular in your family.

*Better than being pretty, you know, is being uniformly smart!—*

## Tin Tub

(Continued from page 14)

and pulled out to the raft. We thought that queer, but figured they would leave two on the raft as spectators. We started to embark and follow them out. But, woe betide us, not an oarlock was in the boat, and a frenzied search failed to reveal any in the neighborhood of the beach.

"Lost overboard in the obstacle race," I groaned. "Run up to the tool-house and see if you can find some more, Carrie. They'll just have to wait for us, that's all."

Our little coxswain set off obediently, but we soon found out that no one was to do any waiting but us. As we sat in the disabled boat, we saw, to our amazement, the ghost of the old Tin Tub come barging gaily up to the raft, its four rowers dipping their erratic oars to the tune of a lusty chant which went:

Hip, hip, hullabaloo!  
Panther Camp Varsity, four-oared crew.

Scatter was right-hand stroke, and beside her sat our long Man o' War with a big, white life preserver around her middle. Skip Hall and Lucy Fletcher, absolute half-wits when it came to rowing, were in the bow and little Peanut Hunter was cox. They all wore regulation dark blue bathing suits, with bunches of bunchberry stuck in the shoulders. Tin Tub had received a coat of many colors, red and green stripes, separated by blue bands. I knew now why Scatter had smelled to heaven of turpentine of late. In the bow of the boat rode a huge, blue stuffed panther, red and green ribbons tied around his neck.

We began to laugh when we first saw the apparition go alongside the raft, oars raking the sky and splashing like grampuses. It sure looked funny, but in a few minutes we changed our minds, for the folks on the raft were taking matters mighty seriously. Scatter climbed out and bowed and shook hands ceremoniously with the officiating gentlemen and with the nearest Maryld oarsman. Then she slid down into her place again and, to our horror and consternation, just as Carrie came puffing down the path with the spare oarlocks, we heard the starter say, "Ready, Maryld. Ready, Panther: One, two, three—go!"

"Hey," I yelled, "that's not the varsity!"

But it was too late, for away went the crews down the line toward the finish, oars flashing, coxswains bobbing back and forth, and the audience yelling itself hoarse. We could hear them from where we sat marooned. "Come on, Maryld. Come on, Panther. Ya-a-a-y!" the sides yelled.

The Tin Tub had wabbled a bit at first, its crew apparently having difficulty adjusting their various strides, one to the other. But in a few strokes they settled down to a curious crab-like

(Continued on page 40)

*"Canvas rubber-soled shoes are most like moccasins in strength-building of any modern shoe."*

*By Lance*

Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, most famous Indian author-athlete.



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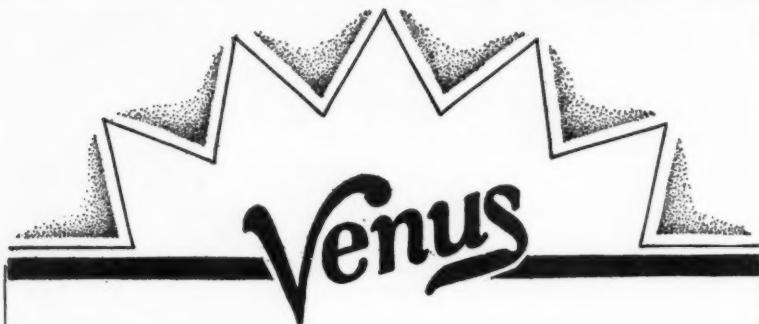
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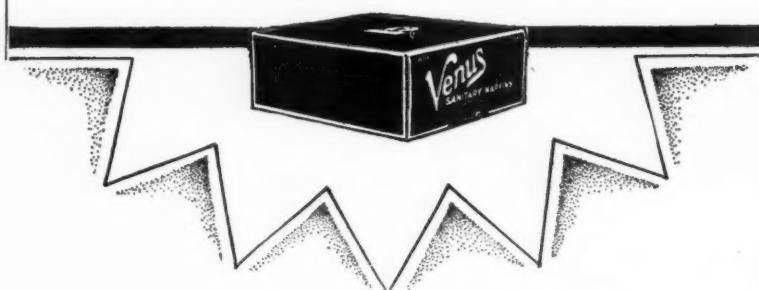
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*E-cho had never hunted a bear, or a wildcat until, but wait—*

#### Tin Tub

(Continued from page 39)

motion, not like any rowing that I have ever seen before or since, but which, strange to say, kept them pretty even with the Maryld crew as far as we could see.

Flash, flash, stroke, stroke! Even we, the deposed crew, began to get peped up. We danced up and down, clapped our hands, waved our arms and generally conducted ourselves like so many uncontrolled lunatics.

"Come on there, Panther!" we yelled. "Hit it up, Scat, you old ape! Ya-a-y!"

And believe it or not they did hit it up so hard they nosed Maryld out at the finish by the panther's length and were greeted on the shore by such an overwhelming ovation as never a crew received before. Even Maryld was enthusiastic and offered sincere handshakes and congratulations.

"You silly nut, how did you work it?" I asked Scatter when the shouting and the tumult had died and our guests had departed for another year.

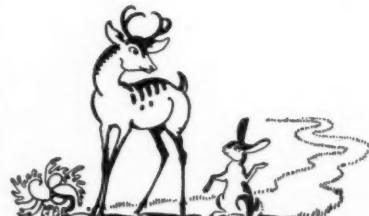
She grinned ecstatically.

"In the first place we pinched Tin Tub ourselves and hid it up the creek in the long weeds. The storm fitted in beautifully with our plans. Then we slid off every chance we got to paint her and fix her so that she would stand the strain of a race. Spencer helped us a lot. He's an old peach. And honestly, Frosty, didn't you see us explaining to Maryld, before the sports began, that we really had to have five girls to a crew, we felt it too much of a strain for three?"

It was awfully funny and I laughed until I cried. I should have known that bunch would pull off something like that on everybody.

"And, Frosty," Scatter added, twisting her forelock and grinning like an ape, "Mr. Hunt-Crosby was so impressed and pleased to find that his little Man o' War had made the varsity crew her first year in camp, he has promised to give the camp two new boats. Real racing boats. He's having them shipped from Portland tomorrow."

*Editor's Note:* Scatter and her crowd at Panther and away from it, have numerous other adventures which you will love to read. Watch for them in coming issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL.



*"Say Bunny, can you tell me where this road goes?"*

*"Well, it goes first one place and then another."*

## The Fork in the Road

(Continued from page 24)

Lynn stopped, breathless, and Mr. Muldoney shook his head. "Aren't I always after sayin'," he remarked, "how the movies is bad for youth?"

"For Pete's sake," said Lynn, "stop talking about movies, Mr. Muldoney. This guy looks like a big Bolshevik or something, and he comes and scares these people to death every day and beats 'em and steals things and—well, what'll we do? If Dad were home, I'd tell him the police force in this town doesn't get on the job any too fast."

Mr. Hunter was an important lawyer. Mr. Muldoney decided to act. He moved across the street to one of those mysterious little boxes by which policemen are able to communicate with headquarters. He clicked the door shut after an apparently satisfactory conversation.

"Now you done your dooty and I done mine," he said cheerfully. "Pansy ain't blockin' thraffic where she is."

Lynn had a very flat sensation. Somehow he had imagined that he and Officer Muldoney together would leap on a motorcycle and go to Railroad Avenue, there to handcuff Dapochko and rescue Fiona. But now if he walked to the Rysiks, he'd be too late for anything. He wandered sadly back down Broad Street.

In the Rysiks' little front room, Fiona's feeling of anger toward Lynn had long since been lost in her concern for her friends and herself.

"She knows nothing of Piotar," said Karola bravely. "We have told you that before."

"So you would also lie?" Dapochko observed. "You would also like to be beaten so you tell truth?"

At the step he took toward Karola, Fiona couldn't hold herself longer.

"Don't touch Karola!" she begged. "I did take Piotar, yes. He's at my home. But how will it help you to collect any money, to know where he is? Can't you understand they haven't any? Oh, please, please!"

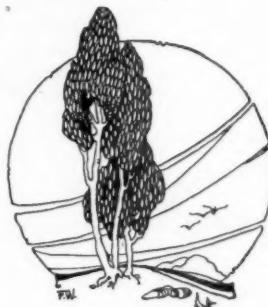
The word 'please' had no effect upon Dapochko.

"Where you live by?" he demanded, and, horrified, Fiona heard herself saying, "117 Prospect Street," and felt that all was indeed lost. "Though he can't come there," she told herself "we could call the police."

Speak of angels and you hear their wings, thought Fiona, for the small room seemed all at once to be full of large men—a police sergeant and two officers. Then there was a lot of talk. Fiona felt horribly giddy.

"Disturbing the peace, anyway, I should say," decided the sergeant. "Put him in the wagon!"

When Fiona recovered from the sick moment of being afraid she might be put into the wagon, too, as a witness or



something, she felt herself running, running home. She found herself presently surrounded by members of her family, who were too glad to see her to give her the scolding she supposed she might deserve. All their questions floated about her like disembodied radio voices. She answered them all, and hugged Piotar, and drank the tea which Faith pressed upon her with trembling hands.

"You'd better go and thank Lynn," June stated. "If it hadn't been for him, you'd be there yet—being dragged by the hair, I dare say."

"Lynn!" said Fiona. "Why he left me in the lurch."

"Oh, no, he didn't," June said triumphantly. "He killed Pansy under him—just like the people's horses in the Good News from Ghent to Aix poem—and he got Mr. Muldoney and sent the police. So there."

Remorse mingled painfully with all Fiona's other painful feelings. She rose and went out and down the front steps. On the driveway of the house next door a sad scene was presented. Pansy sat with a dreadful air of finality on the cement drive, a tow-rope still fastened to her front axle. Lynn hovered dismally about her.

"Oh, Lynn—I'm so—so sorry!" Fiona cried.

"All her pistons are froze to her cylinders, and two main bearings are busted," he announced.

"Oh, can you ever forgive me?" Fiona begged. "But just think of the good cause! Saving the Rysiks!"

"Oh, darn the Rysiks," said Lynn bitterly. "We did it to save you."

"Thank you, Lynn," she said. Not for worlds would she have told him that she had thought he had deserted her.

"Might have done it any time," he said brusquely. "You know that, Fiona. Dad's just home—he says he's glad it's the end of her," he added.

"Oh, how cruel of him," Fiona cried.

"Wasn't it," Lynn agreed. "He says maybe he'll get me a decent car—but—"

"But it wouldn't be Pansy," said Fiona gently.

"Nope—it wouldn't," Lynn assented, but Fiona could see he was thinking of the Future.

### CHAPTER VI Whichways

Now that Dapochko was at least temporarily disposed of, there seemed to be no urgent reason why Piotar should continue his stay with the Glenways.

"If only he could go to school," thought Fiona. "That's what ought to be happening to him."

So Fiona, assisted by her mother, began making explorations in a region of

(Continued on page 44)

*Listen,*

### Miss Vacationeer

EVEN when you're away from home, you'll need to wash out stockings and little odds and ends. So take Fels-Naptha with you. Its good golden soap and plentiful naptha bring you extra help. Together, they loosen dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing. In cool water, too—which is a big advantage when you're vacationing and hot water isn't handy. Tell mother Fels-Naptha gives extra help for her washing, too!

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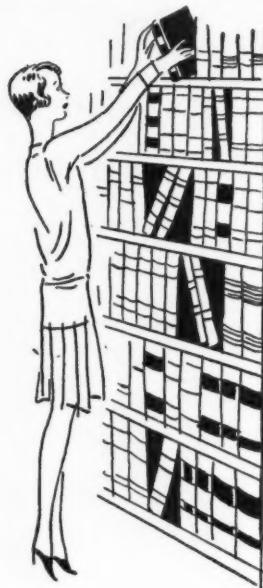
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## Babs the Bookworm

**B**ABS occupied, By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

of Venice, you might like to visit Merrie England,

in a reprint of a famous old classic—*The Lances of Lynwood*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan). There's another fine story of chivalry, not a new one, but perhaps not familiar to you. It's *Knight at Arms* by H. C. Bailey (Dutton), and there you can wander in chivalric old France, with a most fascinating and quixotic guide, Silvain de St. Lo."

"What luxury!" sighed Linda. "Can't I have one or two a little nearer to the twentieth century, Babs?"

"Just one minute before we come out of the past, Linda. Here's a book I just know you'll love. It's *Lucian Goes A-Voyaging* by Agnes Carr Vaughan (Knopf) and though it is written for people as young as ten, anyone with your taste for the unusual cannot help reveling in the gorgeous nonsense. Do try it. As for your perfectly justifiable demand for something of today, try the Pulitzer Prize novel, *Laughing Boy*, by Oliver La Farge (Houghton Mifflin). *Laughing Boy* is a young Indian, 1930 model, and his picturesque and pathetic life in the West of today, with the background of his conservative Indian family, makes absorbing reading. *Escape*, by Francesco Nitti, (Putnam) will transport you from the American plains to Italy and to one of her most terrible penal colonies. No more daring escape, no more stirring narrative, than this one of young Nitti and his courageous companions, can be found. Finally, if you still feel like wandering in Europe, *The Selbys*, by Anne Green (Dutton) will make you feel quite at home in the amusing Paris of today of which she shows you a corner. It is a sophisticated book, very light and sparkling—"

"Now you're talking my language," came from the depths of the armchair where Alice was cozily snuggled. "I want something light and fluffy—just to help me through these dog days. Don't be highbrow, Babs darling. You know I have my highbrow times, but this isn't

*Another interesting personal experience will be told next month—*

one of them." Alice fanned herself. "You don't need to apologize," answered Babs. "I know those days, too, and there are quite a few books to help you through them, this month. There's *The Tavern of Folly*, by Mary Dicker-son Donahey (Doubleday Doran). It's a mild mystery story about two girls and a veiled aunt who undertake to run a hotel long uninhabited and supposed by the superstitious country people to be haunted. An editor and a budding magazine writer figure in the solution of the mystery. An editor also figures in *Joan of the Journal*, by Helen Diehl Olds (Appleton), an editor who, had it not been for fifteen-year-old Joan and her insatiable appetite for newspaper reporting, might have had an ugly time of it. *The Pirate's Ward*, by Emilie Benson and Alden Arthur Knipe (Macmillan) will transport you to the decks of a pirate sloop and to the company of a cool and courageous girl prisoner—Donna is her name. *Susan of Sandy Point*, by Annie Gray Caswell (Longmans, Green) is a fourteen-year-old girl who makes her eventual goal of college by doing odd jobs for the people at a summer colony. And, by the way, when it comes to earning money in a pinch, don't forget *Linenet on the Threshold*, by Margaret Thomsen Raymond (Longmans, Green). She is one of the most convincing young wage-earners I've ever met, and I recommend her every chance I get."

Babs stopped, quite out of breath. In her absorption, she had hardly noticed the arrival of three other girls. They were Kate Prosser, boyishly bobbed, Adele Marvin, wistful eyes hidden behind horn-rimmed spectacles, and pretty Ellen Ayre. Ellen was smiling.

"Well, I've been talking pretty steadily, I expect," said Babs. "What are you smiling about, Ellen? Did I say anything funny?"

"Not exactly," drawled Ellen. "I was thinking that I'm glad I'm over longing for something light and fluffy. It's a necessary nuisance, I know, but such a nuisance! Your bookshelves get all cluttered up with whipped cream before you know it."

"It's too hot to contradict you," answered Alice contentedly. "I suppose you want to improve what there is of your mind! What brought this on?"

"Well, I think Helen Ferris' new book had a good deal to do with it," confessed Ellen. "It's called *When I Was a Girl*, (Macmillan), and although I had often seen the original biographies lying around at home, in that suggestive way Mother manages to give them, somehow I never felt like tackling a long biography of Schumann-Heink or Janet Scudder or Jane Adams. But Miss Ferris has edited them so temptingly, I couldn't resist them. She writes her own introduction to each sketch, and has selected the portions of the original biographies dealing chiefly with the early years of outstanding women."

"Any objection to outstanding men?" asked Babs. "Because I have a good book of biographical sketches here—*Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South*, by Kennedy McLean and Chelsea Fraser (Crowell), a re-

print of a well-known book, and *Men Who Found Out*, by Amabel Williams-Ellis (Coward McCann)."

"What did they find out?" asked Alice, flippantly.

"The secret of blood circulation," answered Babs, "as well as modern sanitary methods, how to fight yellow fever, radium, and a few little things like that."

"Why isn't there anything about machinery?" burst out Kate. "The only books about railroads and engines are picture books and things written for babies."

"That's rather a sweeping statement," remarked Babs. "I know you like boys' books, Kate, and I'd like to have you try *Gleaming Rails*, by Graham M. Deane (Appleton). It's the story of three brothers who love a railroad better than anything else in the world, and you'll be absorbed in their world of switches and signals and thrilling railroad adventures. *The Carved Sea Chest*, by James A. Braden (Harpers) is laid in such rough surroundings that no woman dares venture within its pages. It has the ever fascinating theme of the hunt for a treasure, and many curious lights on pirates and Indians. And oh, I think you'll all be interested in two books about games which I've received. One is *Good Games*, by Jean Hosford Fretwell (Rand, McNally) and the other is *The Racquet Game*, by Allison Danzig (Macmillan). The last will interest only older girls who have real tennis enthusiasm, because it is technical and very detailed. It describes the different kinds of tennis-court tennis, squash tennis, and others, and the tennis champions. *Good Games*, however, will be a godsend for those who have small friends to entertain, and for those of all ages who have a sneaking desire to play really good games now and then."

"By the way, Babs," asked Adele Marvin, "can you suggest a book for Marian's birthday? She graduates next year."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Babs. "I happen to know that in her last year at high school she'll study Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, which with the best of teachers, in its old English version is difficult reading. *The Canterbury Tales*, translated by Frank Ernest Hill (Longmans, Green) puts six of the most famous of the tales into modern English. Mr. Hill, himself a poet of distinction, handles the great tales with the love and reverence they deserve. Then there is *The Odyssey of Homer*, translated by George H. Palmer and illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. She couldn't help liking that."

"Well," remarked Alice, dragging herself to her feet from the depths of the armchair, "no one could possibly accuse you of one-sidedness, Babs! Good fiction for Linda, the 'girl books' for me, biographies for Ellen, boys' books, game books and gift books for the rest of us—it's a good thing there are only six of us here!"

"I see more coming up the street!" shouted Kate.

"I'm afraid they'll have to wait until next month," laughed Babs.



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**In an "I Am a Girl Who—" story. Watch for it!**

## The Fork in the Road

(Continued from page 41)

which they had hitherto known next to nothing. And the upshot of it all was that Piotar, with his mother's grateful consent, was admitted to the Free State School for the Deaf. Part of Piotar's school outfit came from the stock of Mrs. Rysik's shop, and part of it from Fiona's pocket money—collected in advance. This she insisted upon, though Mrs. Glenway made certain donations. Piotar, of course, had no idea of where he was going—or, indeed, that he was going anywhere—but he was delighted with all his new things, and with the little trunk that held them. The Glenways drove him to school, and Karola went, too, that she might be able to describe everything to her mother on her return. Fiona was filled with joy that Piotar should be where kind and skillful people would give him a means of filling his silence.

Dusk had fallen when they got back, and Mr. Glenway was waiting for them. "Got some news," he said, as soon as they were out of the car. "Karola there? Don't let her go—she must hear this too. You needn't be afraid you'll have to go to court as a witness, Fiona. They've forgotten you, and the Rysiks too. Why, it seems they went out for a minnow and caught a whale. They thought they were going to lock up a disturber of the peace for a few days, and find they've got to deport an undesirable alien."

"What?" cried the Glenways, while Karola looked troubled. She did not quite follow Mr. Glenway's involved speech, and feared for a moment that they, the Rysiks, might be somehow the undesirable aliens.

"Well, apparently," said Mr. Glenway, "when they came to investigate, they found that this Dapotchko is somebody they've been after for a long time. It appears that he's the leader of a nest of Bolsheviks. So he's being deported—and that's the last you'll see of him."

"But what did he want of the poor Rysiks?" Mrs. Glenway wondered.

"Some old grudge started in Russia, perhaps," her husband said. "Who knows? We'll find out later."

"Mrs. Rysik impressed me," said Mrs. Glenway, "the one time I saw her—about Piotar's school. Oh, where is Karola?"

But Karola was running home through the dark streets—to tell her mother that she had left Piotar playing tag with fifty laughing little boys and that Dapotchko would never frighten them again.

The whole episode of the Rysiks' trouble and Piotar's visit had touched Faith less nearly than her sister. She had seen it in perspective, like something read in a book. She did not realize that it was to fill the emptiness in her heart left by Piotar's going, that Fiona was so doubly active about the house. The more willingly and efficiently Fiona helped her mother, the less did Faith feel that her own assistance was needed.

But it was so subtle, the gradual shifting of responsibility. From the time that Fiona mended Faith's blouse for her because Faith had some woodcut in a ticklish phase of printing, it came little by little to the point where Fiona did all Faith's mending.

"She really *likes* to do it," Faith excused herself. Fiona's one of those wonderfully strong people. I'm just a dreamer." But in her heart, she felt that her dreams were more vital and valuable than Fiona's actions.

The winter toiled on, and Easter came at last, like a release. Keene and Stephen spent their vacation camping somewhere in Midland County. They spent a few days with the Glenways when a persistent cold rain had driven them out of the woods.

"I'd have stuck it out," Stephen confided, "but Keene's not so husky. I saw the rain was getting into his marrow."

Keene exhibited, indeed, a certain gratitude for fireside warmth and three proper meals a day. He had to show for his trip a cut hand and several verses about himself and Nature.

"Why must you *always* have yourself in it, Godfrey?" Fiona wondered. "I think it spoils that one a little."

"But," said Keene, "how can I help thinking of myself in relation to everything else? I can't see things through anyone else's eyes."

Fiona frowned at the fire. "Isn't that funny?" she said. "I'm always seeing just how other people feel about things. I suppose that's why I'm so sorry for some of them."

"But don't you feel shut up inside your own head," Faith asked, "with things that go by, all colored by your own feelings?"

"Sounds like a nightmare," Stephen remarked, "shut up inside your own head with things going by!"

Faith sighed. "You know what I mean, don't you, Godfrey?"

Keene nodded, and Fiona said, "It must be an uncomfortable way to be made, poor dears. All the same, I'd like Godfrey's poem about the wild moon

better if he left himself out of it. He couldn't have been up there, could he?"

"But it was I who *saw* it," Keene insisted. "It was I who *thought* it was a wild moon."

"Gosh—I did too!" Stephen put in. "That was just before it disappeared for good and the tent blew down!"

Keene was murmuring over the paper in his hand—

Tonight, the moon how high  
How swift and wild  
She sails the cloud-spun sky.  
And I, her child,  
Alone beside dark waters . . .

"If you admit you're the moon's child," Fiona objected, "you're confessing you're a lunatic, anyway."

Stephen laughed, and Keene grew suddenly red. He crumpled the paper and tossed it into the fire—whereupon Faith gave a little scream of "Don't!" as if it had been a living thing.

"You were dreadfully silly to put it in the fire," Fiona said.

"Oh, well," said Godfrey, "it's in my head, still. I can make it better. That one's just as well gone."

"Still, it was a silly thing to do," Fiona insisted. "Faith does things like that now and then. It's foolish to kill things that you've worked to make come alive."

"I'll show you the new version of the wild moon, when it comes. How's Prince Piatar?"

"Learning to hear and understand and know," Fiona said. "Thank you for asking. You think that's all I'm interested in, don't you?"

"Just about," laughed Keene, "but why not?"

"I'm quite as much interested in your poems as in Piatar," she told him, though she was afraid that wasn't quite true.

"Piatar's worth a lot more than my poems," Godfrey said with his sudden odd smile. "You stick to him."

But can't I have both, thought Fiona? That should not be impossible.

Spring was going fast—a few more hot weeks of school, then full summer. Talk at the supper table had gone much farther into the future than was required by holiday plans. For Fiona had reminded them all that there was but one more winter of high school ahead—then what? College, said Mr. Glenway unhesitatingly. Oh—that was quite all right—inevitable—for Fiona, but couldn't they understand how Faith would hate it? Four years! It would be too late for art school then. Of course she wanted Fiona to carry off all the honors a college could give—if only they'd let her, Faith, slip off and do her own work in her own way.

Now, with this longing to live her own life, rose another which for many months had lain buried—the longing for Whichways. This quiet moon, the nameless stirring of approaching summer at



*There's no knowing who is really who in Hollywood—*

the world's heart, her own sudden feeling of loneliness, conjured Whichways unbearably into her imagination. She had not seen it—none of them had seen it—since that fall day when they had left it, nearly two years ago. By now, Faith was afraid, much that had made it so dear must have been lost. Part of it came to the Brick Oven with the furniture; part of it had surely flown out the windows when the Updikes came in at the door. She somehow imagined them as all rather fat—Updike sounded such a pert, prosperous name. Fat, and sitting about stupidly on porch rocking chairs. She didn't want to see them at Whichways.

But push the idea down in her mind and smother it as she would, it struggled up stronger and stronger. She must go. She wouldn't risk meeting the fat Updikes, but she would creep along the edges—she would peer out from the jungle, oh, now—now—now! If Fiona spent her money on clothes for Piotar, why shouldn't Faith spend hers on train fare to the rainbow's end? She ate lunch hastily, ran all the way to the station, and caught a train to Dendale.

It took a long time to cover the fifty miles. It was a longish walk from the little station to Whichways. She paused at the fork in the road—the main highway would take her more quickly, but what if it did? The little wandering woodsy track would take her there in its own good time and by the way she loved best. She climbed slowly into its stillness—stillness only breathed upon by the wind in the trees. The young leaves made a pale pattern; she could see far into the thick woods. It was too perfect to last—she would not go near; she would hover there at the edge where the trees grew thin, on Saddle Hill where she could look down on the gray roofs and chimneys. Just to see it was all there, for she had a queer dreamlike feeling that when she had reached the edge of the wooded hill and looked down, there would be outspread meadow and copse—but no Whichways.

She had not fully realized, how much she had wanted it. She could not wait now, even a moment more. She ran the rest of the way and burst out on Saddle Hill with the blue width of open sky above—and Whichways at her feet. For it was there—gray roof among the trees, and smoke up-curving. She would go a little farther—just till she could see the jungle—till she could see the garden.

She crawled through the jungle, and stole around the borders of the tennis court, stopping to look now and then between the shrubs at the angle of the house. Casement windows were open, but no Updikes were in sight—in rocking chairs or any other way. Faith might venture nearer. From here she could see almost all of the house, but she hastily decided not to go and peep in at the windows, for she suddenly remembered that she would see the unknown and perhaps awful Updike furniture with which Whichways was doubtless filled. She passed slowly down the border and reached the end of the garden where there was a small pool. On the opposite side, among the iris, stood a small figure

(Continued on page 46)

## A Smart Outdoor Jacket for camp or hike

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Alice Dyar Russell tells us about a "Cook in Hollywood" next month!

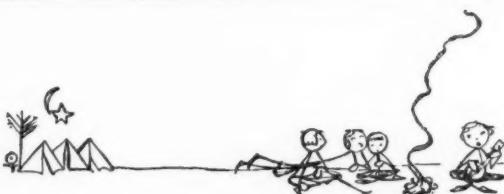


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*Pirates, the sea, courage, and the clever strategy of a young girl—*

## The Fork in the Road

(Continued from page 45)

with certain misty tendrils of copper-gold hair about a Puckish face, and it was dipping one bare brown toe sedately into the pool. It was impossible to tell whether it was boy or girl, elf or human—and its garment of leaf-brown jersey strangely embroidered in blue and orange did little to aid in the decision. Faith stared. Just then the small faun-thing looked up and said in a friendly and human voice, "Hullo!"

"Who—who are you?" Faith asked cautiously, lest it vanish into thin air.

The fountain figure dipped the other toe into the pool. "I'm Pan," it said.

Faith was somehow not in the least surprised.

*What has happened so far in this story*

The Glenways live in a lovely old house in the country, Whichways. All six of them—Faith and Fiona, the twins, Stephen, their older brother, small June, and Mr. and Mrs. Glenway—love the place. But they find they must move to the city, because of Mr. Glenway's work. Faith is almost sick at the thought of leaving, while Fiona finds herself thrilled with the idea, and for the first time the twins discover a lack of the sympathy which they usually feel for each other's every thought. Having moved, the twins go to a school in town where they meet attractive little Karola Rysik who plays the violin with all the beauty and emotional intensity of her native country, Russia. While Faith becomes more and more absorbed in her art, Fiona develops an interest in the fate of Karola and her family who are oppressed by a ruthless, disreputable old man, Dapotchko, who claims that the Rysiks owe him money. He threatens Karola and her brother, Piotar. Fiona devises a means of thwarting him by having Faith go to the house with Karola and pretend to Dapotchko that she is Fiona while Fiona follows—unknown to Faith—hides in the darkness of the stairway, signals to Piotar to come to her, and disappears with him. Faith, in an embarrassed effort to make conversation with the burly Dapotchko, comments on Karola's violin. The man immediately seizes it as part payment of the debt. Faith, in complete ignorance about Fiona's part in the plot, is greatly distressed about it, and at the same time furious with Fiona for leaving her in such a dangerous situation. Fiona's only thought is what can be done for Piotar and how to put a stop to the tyranny of Dapotchko. Before she has a chance to plan a way, things happen—and they happen fast!

Who are the "fairy folk" Faith finds at Whichways? And what adventures does she encounter at her old home? Read the exciting new developments in the September issue.



## Laugh and Grow Scout



### No Mileage

"Yes, sir," said the lady who had never been to the carnival before, "I will never go on one of them things," (pointing to a merry-go-round). "Why, that boy spent about a dollar for rides on it, and he got off the same place as he got on." —Sent by PEARL AMES, Hartford, Connecticut.

### Inside Information

The Girl Scout captain returned and found the log cabin door locked. After a lot of trouble she got in by one of the windows. Tacked over the fireplace she found a bit of paper on which was written: "Have gone on a hike. You will find the key outside under the third big rock from the door, Tenderfoot." —Sent by LUCILLE RIDER, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

### About Face

**MOTORIST:** How far is it to Bingville?  
**Boy:** About 24,996 miles the way you're headed; but if you turn around it's only four miles.—Sent by BETTY JEAN HEATH, Indianapolis, Indiana.



### You Can't Have Both

**MISTRESS:** Why didn't you put the watermelon into the icebox as I told you?  
**MAID:** I did, ma'am.  
**MISTRESS:** But it isn't cold.  
**MAID:** Well, how could it be? I had to take out the ice to get it in.—Sent by HELEN T. SHARP, New York, N. Y.

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

#### Bon Voyage

An old gentleman was lost in the London fog so thick that he couldn't see his hand before him. He became frightened when he found himself in a slimy alley. He heard footsteps approaching and sighed with relief.

"Where am I going?" he cried anxiously.

"Into the river," a voice replied, "I've just come out." —Sent by ROSE HROMADKA, Bohemia, Long Island.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### Magic Power

"Is she as sour as she looks?"

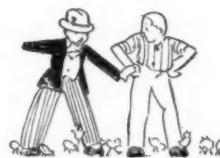
"Sour? Why if that woman gazed aloft on a starry night, she'd curdle the milky way." —Sent by MARY V. STROM, Scobey, Montana.

### That's Different

"Say," said one city boy to another, "how do you learn a girl ter swim?"

"Oh, dat's easy," said the other boy. "You takes her gently by de hand, an' yer leads her down to de water, an' you says to her, 'Don't be afraid, I ain't goin' ter let nothin' hurt yer—'"

"Hey," interrupted the first one, "why, dis is me sister I'm talkin' about."  
 "Aw, shove her off de dock!" —Sent by BETTY WYNNE, Legion, Texas.



### Bill Hunted Too Hard

**BILL:** 'Ullo, 'Enery! Got that crate of chickens you sent the wife all right, but next time I wish you'd fasten 'em up a bit more carefully. Coming from the station the beastly things got out. I spent hours scouring the neighborhood and then found only ten of them.

**'ENERY:** 'Ush, Bill—I sent only six.—Sent by FRANCES LONG, Roswell, New Mexico

### Very Simple

"What is drawing?" asked the teacher. "It's thinking and marking around the think with a pencil," answered little Mary after a moment of profound thought.—Sent by THERESA M. BODWELL, Woburn, Massachusetts.

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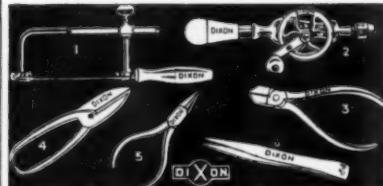
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## When Girl Scouts Rule the Waves

(Continued from page 29)  
out of the spring's waters to greet her.

"That evening Wekiwa told Cadmanduc that they must part, for she was to marry the spirit of the pool. They parted, she with tears, and he with a warrior's grief and lover's anguish.

"A drum was to sound the hour of midnight, the princess was arrayed in her wedding garments, and all was ready for the strange and wonderful marriage.

"Shortly before the appointed hour, a tall, dark, sinewy figure slipped down to the water's edge. Cadmanduc, torn with grief and half crazed by the hours of torment he had endured, had resolved to end his life in the very spring from which the bridegroom was mysteriously to appear.

"No one saw him as he stood there, no one heard him as he chanted his death song. Cadmanduc leaped and the waters of the spring closed over his head, and at the same instant the drum beat and Wekiwa appeared on the bank. Down, down went Cadmanduc—down, down, down, but suddenly it seemed that strong hands were pulling him upward. He fought savagely, but it was of no use—the spring was too strong for him. Out of the water he shot, just as Wekiwa leaned down toward him. Young braves leaped into the water and carried him out on their shoulders. Not until they reached the campfire did they see who it was that they carried, and then as the chief's face darkened with anger, the voice of the spring was heard, and the words filled all with amazement. 'Lo, the words of the prophecy have come true. Cadmanduc is the choice of the Great Spirit. He and his tribe will forever live in the plentiful hunting grounds beneath the springs.'

"And ever since, the springs have been known as Wekiwa Springs."

### Camp Symphonies

Has your camp a toy orchestra?

Here is a novel idea which many of you may want to suggest for your own camps. Troop Nine, of Johnson City, Tennessee, organized a toy symphony orchestra at Camp End o' the Trail. "One of the leaders had charge of some school orchestra instruments which she permitted us to use. Before we had been in camp two days, our orchestra was having two rehearsals a day, and before we knew what was happening we were devoting our hobby hour to it.

"We had two tambourines, six clogs, eighteen rhythm sticks, one melody box, one drum, two sets of bells, a piano, and two pairs of cymbals. Usually one of the girls directed us. We played *Moment Musical*, by Shubert, *Gavotte*,

*Pop Goes the Weasel*, and *Shoemaker's Dance*. Gradually we worked out our own harmonies in popular music and folk songs. We gave concerts at campfire, and when we came home we all agreed that it was the nicest camp we had had, due to the Tin Pan Alley Orchestra, no doubt!"

### Gypsy Day at Camp Ganoga

And a moving picture of it!

Elizabeth Wallace, of York, Pennsylvania, wrote us the following:

"I have been reading of the good times in camp had by other girls, and I thought I would write about one particular outstanding day of my camp experience. It was at Camp Ganoga, York, Pennsylvania.

"The councillors decided to have a Gypsy Day. Everyone dressed in gypsy costume—or as much like a gypsy as possible. It was indeed a picturesque scene to see young girls attired in all colors of the rainbow, prepared to have a good time. The day was started by a breakfast of berries and sandwiches served in bunkhouse groups, out in the open. Following breakfast, assembly was held out on the grass to announce the further activities of the day. We took a long hike in the morning and by lunch time everyone was back, hungry and tired. After lunch and rest hour, a movie was filmed by an assistant director of the camp, in which gypsy roles were successfully portrayed by campers and a few councillors. We had a picnic supper and a gypsy campfire."

### A Girl Scout Water Play Day

With relay races and a sing!

Did you ever hear of a Girl Scout Water Play Day? Madison, Wisconsin, Girl Scouts held one at Lake Mendota, and Mrs. L. J. Merkel, Local Director, in describing it, says:

"The purpose of the Play Day was to get all of the campers out to meet our Councillors and to arouse enthusiasm over camp. No awards were made for events, and no announcement was made of the events before the Girl Scouts came together at the Jackson home. The relay races were lovely to look at with the gay flags and balloons carried from one point to the next in relay fashion. After the water sports, basket lunches were eaten on the lawn, and then a sing was held by our Music Councillor. Songs of all kinds, old and new, were sung and dramatized.

"After the events the councillors and the members of the Camp Committee of the Council were entertained at a lawn supper by Mrs. Jackson."



Remember the "What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest" in September—

## The Seashore Offers a Hobby

HAVE you ever thought of taking the sea-road to your Naturalist Badge? It is a fascinating path to follow for the Girl Scout who gets to the seashore for the summer, or even for a few weeks of it. Hours pass like minutes in the absorbing interest of hanging over a rock pool observing the habits of the unusual forms of sea life that are to be found in these little pools. You will find that these creatures have strange shapes and beautiful colorings. Perhaps the most delicate and varied colorings are those of the sea-anemone. These flower-like creatures are to be looked at and unmolested, you must remember, if you want to see them when their coloring is at its best unless, as Mabel Kitty Gibbard suggests in discussing the seashore as a hobby in her book, *Hobbies for Girls* (J. B. Lippincott Company), you succeed in finding one that has attached itself firmly to a rock.

Sea-anemones are distinguished by the cylindrical form of their bodies which are soft, fleshy and capable of dilation and contraction. They feed themselves with tentacles which surround the opening that serves them both as a mouth and a vent. It is these tentacles that give them the flower-like appearance from which they receive their name. Sometimes there are as many as two hundred tentacles to one specimen, and they can be retracted under the infolding rim of the body immediately upon the slightest touch. The best way to find a sea-anemone for examination is at the stage when it is firmly attached to a rock. Miss Gibbard says of them: "Having found a choice sea-anemone, it is not an easy matter to detach it without injury. One authority on these creatures suggests that the explorer shall carry a hammer and chisel and cut around the piece of rock to which the anemone is attached! But you won't want to carry these tools, and an alternative is easily found in your Girl Scout knife. But don't injure the anemone in any case; the chances are that the rock is soft to which the anemone is attached. Therefore, cut around and remove a thin section. If the rock proves too hard the best plan is to leave the creature and find another one. Failing this, study them as they stand."

And don't forget to make notes on them so that you can give the girls of your troop a real treat on your return by describing something of what you have found on the seashore. And if you make the seashore your hobby, you will want to make up a note book of *seaweeds*—which really isn't hard. Then you will be able to show them some of the beautiful colorings of the seashore as well. You will find the seaweeds the easiest of the seashore's delights to col-



lect and bring home with you. Miss Gibbard says that, "By searching the rock pools, and particularly looking into those masses of seaweed which are nearest the low water mark, you will be surprised at the exquisite colorings which range from a cream and pale pink to the most wonderful shades of brown and even to jet black. When left on the seashore in a huge mass by the tide, seaweed often looks very unattractive, but if you examine it with 'the seeing eye' you will find its beauties." Nor will these beauties fade very much when you follow Miss Gibbard's suggestions for mounting them to bring them back so that your friends may have a glimpse of the sea.

"Take the best specimen you can discover," says Miss Gibbard, "and press it in blotting paper. Your mounting book may be made in the simplest fashion by getting several sheets of stiff brown paper, folding them bookwise, and then binding them by a piece of tape running through the whole. A stiff cover can be obtained by gumming two or three of the outer sheets together. Cut slits in the tapes, to enable the seaweeds to be mounted by the simple process of pushing them through the slits after they have been pressed in blotting paper."

And while you are making your collection of seaweeds, get acquainted with the jelly-fish, the sea-urchins, the snails, the starfish, the shellfish, and, of course, the sea shells. It is the jelly-fish that give that sort of phosphorescent glow to the water of an ocean or a bay that is sometimes seen at night, for their jelly-like bodies have a peculiar iridescent quality.

Sea-urchins have a saucy name, haven't they? Those along the California coast were used at one time by the Indians for food. Along the New England coast the most commonly seen type is of green and has long spines, sometimes as long as seven inches. When they are without these spines they often reveal beautiful colorings. It is better to examine them carefully and put them back into their native haunts, for they die in clear water.

The starfish is just as quaint as the sea-urchins, moving along the water bed and eating by means of little sucking feet on its underside. Shellfish is its favorite food. The commonest type of starfish has five arms, or fingers, of varying lengths—depending on the type of starfish. These arms become very brittle when the starfish is taken out of water for any length of time. This fish is a sort of second cousin to the sea-urchin, the sea-slug and several other unique kinds of fish which you will find on the seashore—if you look for them with a "seeing eye."

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